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ΕΠΙΣΤ.

THE  
BIRMINGHAM

of

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✓  
N U G Æ :



THE SOLACE OF RARE LEISURE.

In Verse.

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

BY THE

✓  
(REV. JAMES BANKS, M.A.,)

Lincoln College, Oxford,

HEAD MASTER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL OF KING EDW. VI, LUDLOW, SALOP.

James Davies

(Name changed in 1857)

LONDON :

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1854.

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LINCOLN'S INN.

TO ONE,  
WHOSE FRIENDSHIP IS A PRIVILEGE,  
AND AFTER HIM  
TO MY WIFE,  
I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE VOLUME.

J. B.

*January 9, 1854.*



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## P R E F A C E.

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THE Author of the present volume launches it on the sea of public criticism in all modesty and diffidence. He puts before the world, what are literally the fruits of those half-hours of recreation which to a Parish Priest, and to a Schoolmaster, must be "few and far between." For the last seven years, more or less, during his ministry in Dean Forest, and, still later, his head-mastership of Ludlow School, his NUGÆ have swelled by small additions to their present number.

What shall he say to help them, as they struggle into the unaccustomed light, for which they have exchanged the shade of his library and desk? What? but that they stand upon his reliance, that home-subjects touch most

can devote even "rare leisure" to the Muse, he must go to his Cicero; and, at the risk of being reputed a "Dominie," make answer, as he can most conscientiously in the words of a man of letters of old,

"Quis mihi jure succenseat, si, quantum ceteris ad suas res obeundas, quantum ad festos dies ludorum celebrandos, quantum ad alias voluptates et ad ipsam requiem animi et corporis conceditur temporum; quantum alii tribuunt tempestivis conviviis, quantum denique alveolo, quantum pilæ, tantum mihi egomet ad hæc studia recolenda sumpsero."

LUDLOW, *Jan.* 1854.

# NUGÆ.



## SONNET I.

To the Friend to whom these pages are dedicated.

REVERED companion of my weekly stroll,  
With whom 'twas sweet to interchange erewhile  
Bright thoughts and serious, many a greenwood mile,  
Cheer for the mind, and nurture for the soul :  
Let me thy name amid these lays enroll,  
Wherewith thou knew'st my fancy to beguile,  
Blest by the sunshine of my helpmate's smile,  
What space I might my daily toil cajole.  
How many a strain had birth from thy discourse ;  
How each walk incidents and words supplied ;  
How thy life proved the truths thou didst enforce,  
And I grew wiser unawares beside,  
I may not tell—but, as the next resource,  
I bid my book go hail my friend and guide.



## SONNET II.

To the same.

NOT without thee my vagrant Muse hath grown  
To some small staidness, and contempt of fears ;  
Who can lack heart, when thy kind help appears ?  
What mind but gain from thy mind's healthful tone ?  
Nor did I hang upon thy words alone,  
For thou didst cede the rights of elder years,  
And seem to rase the tower experience rears,  
Drawing me forth with meekness all thine own.  
Thus free expression made my fancy bold,  
And I learnt utterance as thou ledd'st me on :  
So when I left those sylvan shades, that hold  
Thee and thy worth, one aim my spirit won :  
To gather up delightsome thoughts of old,  
And seek thine "imprimatur," when 'twas done.

## SONNET III.

To my Wife.

THOU wilt not scorn to hold a second place,  
Who in my heart of hearts art ever first,  
Dear wife, whose kindred tastes inflamed a thirst,  
Strong ever in me, paths of verse to trace,  
A second, where our inclinations race  
Which may dull rules of stiffness soonest burst,  
To honour one in seeking praise unvers'd :  
Now let me light thy dear familiar face  
By vowing, what thy wilful word denies,  
That, oftentimes, in chase of roving thought,  
I took to searching in thy kindly eyes,  
And ever and anon my truant caught :  
Or if I fail'd, I had but to apprise  
Thy native wit, which found me what I sought.

## SONNET IV.

To the same.

WELL knowest thou the end my hopes propose ;  
The aim which, unatchieved, will call no blush  
From cheeks that with an honest fervor flush :  
To gather honour, and its rays oppose,  
(Thrice blest, if o'er my love the halo glows :)  
To storms, that else might pure ambition crush :  
To find response in souls, like thine, which gush  
With joy for joy, and woe for others' woes.  
And oh ! more precious, when remembrance clings  
To some chance home-thought, which my song has drest  
Perhaps in happy guise, to dream it brings  
Some share of credit to the gentle breast,  
Whence liveliest images of household things  
Have sprung, and springing taught me there to rest.

THE STORY OF CADWALLON AP MADOC,

FOUNDER OF ABBEY CYMHIR.

I.

I HAVE felt the spur of glory,  
 And the hopes that flutter high :  
 I would win a name in story,  
 Fresh and green, when ages die.  
 And my tossing sleep hath yielded  
 To a thousand fancy-dreams,  
 How the sceptre I have wielded  
 Might be stronger by my schemes.

1. The ruins of the old Abbey are in the north-eastern part of the county of Radnor, on the banks of the river Clewedock, six miles east of the town of Rhayader, and seven north-west of Penybont. See Rees' Historical and Descriptive Account, 1850. Pickering, London.

## . II.

By the brooklet I have tarried,  
 When the valley round was still,  
 And my thoughts were outward carried  
 By my fame-enkindled will.  
 For I scorned the tame seclusion,  
 And the mountains tall and gray  
 Seem'd to laugh at my delusion,  
 While they shut the world away.

## III.

They are right! I cannot mingle  
 In the lists of mighty kings,  
 Born in yonder narrow dingle,  
 And the heir of lesser things,  
 I must curb my eager pinion,  
 Not as when our race could fly,  
 In the might of proud dominion,  
 From the Severn to the Wye.

III. "Cymhir" signifies in Welsh a long dingle or a narrow vale. Cadwallon ap Madoc was eldest son of Madoc ap Idnerth, and was descended from the founder of the fifth royal tribe of Wales, and sovereign of the country which originally comprehended all the territory between the Severn and the Wye.



## IV.

Shall I stem the Norman torrent,  
I, Meleneth's petty Lord?  
Of encroaching might abhorrent,  
Shall I wreathe in fame my sword?  
Ah! the hand and heart were ready  
With full many a chief before :  
But the mower's sweep was steady,  
And who recketh now their gore?

## V.

At the council-board with princes  
Shall I earn a sage's name?  
Baffled hope of loss convinces  
Them that play the statesman's game.  
Bears their name the future distance?  
Is't not prone to stain and blot?  
In the ranks of new existence,  
Gone, unhonour'd, clean forgot.

iv. The present county of Radnor seems to have been the extent of kingdom held by the father of Cadwallon, who came in for the northern division of it, called Meleneth; whilst his brother Eineon Clyd took the southern division, named Elvel.

## VI.

Not to me are Bardic praises !  
 Not to me the voice of fire !  
 Let them live, whom this up-raises,  
 Live, and love the graceful lyre.  
 Ample is their glorious number,  
 E'en tho' I were born to wake  
 Vocal sounds from mountain slumber,  
 And the meed of praise o'ertake.

## VII.

Yet I know there may be glory,  
 Lasting as each native hill !  
 Men may live, whose temples hoary  
 Throb no more—in death so still.  
 “ Die not,” saith the constant fountain :  
 “ Live in freshness,” saith the flood :  
 And I read in each blue mountain  
 Lessons keenly understood.

## VIII.

Finer, finer, past its brother,  
 Stands described each mountain's side :  
 Each would seem to wait another :  
 Each a great mid-space to bide :

That mid-space shall gape for ever,  
Clear and void, eternal air :  
Is there nought in man shall never  
Fade, but hold a place as fair ?

## IX.

War and song, and craft and science,  
Each to nobler glory cede.  
This be mine, in self-reliance,  
To the noblest end to speed.  
Yea, the Cross of Christ unfoldeth  
Blessings God alone can give :  
Whoso steadfastly beholdeth  
This, from age to age shall live.

## X.

Yes ; I hail the glorious token  
Of the new and living way,  
Which, through bright clouds, slowly broken,  
Leads to everlasting day.  
Life is life, when thoughts aspiring  
Seek but to be sanctified :  
When God's Spirit, inly firing  
Our desires, doth upward guide.

## XI.

Thanks to those who liv'd before us !  
 Thanks to those time-honour'd dead !  
 Gladly to the land that bore us  
 Welcomed they the proffer'd bread.  
 When to princes, priests, and peasants,  
 Messengers of Christ declared  
 On our hills the Gospel presents,  
 Pardon granted, sinners spared.

## XII.

Ay ; our land hath clasped the blessing  
 Hitherto with willing arms,  
 E'en while nations round were pressing  
 Idol temples, senseless charms.  
 Records tell of Fathers holy  
 Pleading in mine own domain  
 For the faith, that tells the lowly,  
 That in Christ to die is gain.

XI. There were British Bishops (one from Caerleon-on-Usk, a Welsh See) at the Council of Arles, in Gaul, A. D. 314 ; and where there were Bishops, there must have been inferior Clergy.

XII. Augustine met the Bishops and most eminent teachers of Wales, in a Conference on the banks of the Severn, in the pen fair, some few years after his arrival in England, A. D. 596.

## XIII.

And tho' He who sav'd us dwelleth  
Not in temples made with hands,  
Yet each Church its tribute telleth  
To His glory where it stands.  
We would not confine in spaces  
Him, the Triune, Infinite :  
Yet we yearn for worthy places,  
Wedded to His solemn rite.

## XIV.

Be it mine these hills to hallow,  
Marking with inverted clod,  
Where in fanes our children callow  
In first prayer may soar to God.  
Here an Abbey might be planted,  
Art upheld on Nature's base :  
Free of access, daily granted  
For renew'd supplies of grace.

## XV.

I must seek the aid laborious  
Of that holy band of men,  
Who delight to render glorious,  
By God's praise, the silent glen.

In the mountain valley building  
 Shrines to glad the Wilderness,  
 Which the Sun shall rest on, gilding  
 Each fair aisle with his caress.

## XVI.

Tintern with her arches rises  
 Nobly by the water side :  
 Day by day to fresh surprises  
 Is Cistercian art applied.  
 They that build say " Nature's preaching  
 " Far outstrips the voice of man :  
 " That 'tis past all mortal teaching  
 " Fair creation's gifts to scan."

## XVII.

So they build in spots sequester'd  
 Graceful arch and pointed roof :  
 Fitting home for hearts unfester'd,  
 Hearts against world-wisdom proof.

XVI. Tintern Abbey was founded by the Monks of the Cistercian order, A.D. 1131. For this expression of the Cistercian's choice of secluded spots for building, see Churton's *Early English Church*, pp. 334-6.

Village hinds and maiden be vies  
 Learn to love the faith, that rears  
 Stately domes, by willing levies,  
 For the God all Nature hears.

## XVIII.

These shall help me, Whitland sending  
 Inmates for our Abbey walls.  
 Yes; I see them slowly wending  
 Down the vale: when duty calls  
 Our good cousin will not tarry  
 To direct such holy aid,  
 As to our Cymhir shall carry  
 Priests to fill her quiet glade.

## XIX.

Glory to our God Eternal!  
 Him who leads my spirit on  
 To a work that shall be vernal,  
 E'en when my sere leaf is gone.

XVIII. Whitland Abbey, in Caermarthenshire, at the instance of Rhys ap Griffith, Prince of Wales, and cousin of Cadwallon, sent sixty Cistercian monks to found Abbey-Cymhir.

Blest will be my lot, if only  
 By my help a pile shall rise,  
 Christ's own witness to the lonely,  
 Sight belov'd of shepherd's eyes.

## XX.

If my name, these days outleaping,  
 Right into the future peer,  
 And when I am coldly sleeping,  
 Stand as his, who built Cymhir.  
 Noble site, and noble dwelling,  
 Raised in thirst for noblest fame :  
 Shrine to be God's witness telling,  
 Putting rival shrines to shame.

\* \* \* \* \*

## XXI.

Heard the rocks the valleys ringing  
 With the axe and hammer's sound :  
 Saw the woods the strong mule bringing  
 Burdens all the hill-path round.  
 Whitland sent her sixty fathers :  
 Pembroke lost a holy band,  
 Which in all Meleneth gathers  
 Willing wealth, and helping hand.



## XXII.

And Cadwallon warmly hails them :  
And they join in earnest strife,  
Who is first, where no man fails them,  
As they wake new walls to life.  
Length of nave, and side-aisles stately,  
Column, jamb, and pier, and arch,  
Rise to prove the steps that greatly,  
Nobly stride in glory's march,

## XXIII.

Till at length the roof, completing  
Labours full of princely love,  
Stands aloft, each fresh eye greeting,  
As they up the valley move.  
Not a shrine in Cymry's borders,  
Not in England's counties wide,  
Graced with piles of divers orders,  
Rears its front in juster pride.

## XXIV.

England with her high pretensions,  
With the aids her wealth could stir,  
Hath but three of like dimensions,  
Durham, York, and Winchester.

Fair cathedrals—rich in dower—  
 Yet the best must own compeer  
 In the child of humbler power,  
 In thine Abbey, old Cymhir.

## XXV.

Favour found its royal builder,  
 Favour in the sight of God,  
 Spar'd to see how anthems fill'd her,  
 Whom he raisèd from the sod.  
 Holy men, within her planted,  
 Bent on works of prayer and praise,  
 Cheer'd him thro' a lifetime, granted  
 Past the common reach of days.

## XXVI.

Throve the Abbey, God's own doing;  
 Many a tide of times had hurl'd  
 Towers and arches down to ruin,  
 In th' high places of the world.

XXV. The Abbey was founded A.D. 1143. Cadwallon had come to the sovereignty A.D. 1139. He died 1179. He must therefore have seen his monastery settled and advancing for thirty-six years.

Yet she firmly kept her standing,  
Till Glendower's ruthless arm,  
Bardic fame for ever branding,  
Roused the vale with wild alarm.

## XXVII.

Urged by those, whose dreamings deathless  
Should have moved to nobler aims,  
Owain fired her walls : and breathless  
Hither, thither, sped the flames.  
So she fell. And naught remaineth  
Save the site, defin'd and clear,  
Of the pride of all Meleneth,  
Of the Abbey of Cymhir.

xxvi. Owain Glyndyr encamped on Plinlimmon A.D. 1401, and in a predatory excursion destroyed Cymhir. One of the reasons assigned for this proceeding is, that there was enmity between the Welsh bards, whom Owain patronized, and all the orders of monks except the Franciscans.



BARTHOLOMEW DIAZ AT THE ISLAND OF  
SANTA CRUZ.

“The violence of the winds, the shattered condition of his ships, and the turbulent spirit of the sailors, compelled him to return after a voyage of sixteen months, in which he discovered a far greater extent of territory than any former navigator.”—*Robertson's America*, Book I, p. 53.

## I.

WITH gaze for ever eastward,  
 Bold front, and trustful eye,  
 As who would seize bright auguries  
 E'en from that troubled sky :  
 As whose engrossing vision  
 Was, through that eastward main,  
 To cleave new ways to golden days,  
 And universal reign ;  
 On the bold rock of Santa Cruz  
 Brave Diaz mused alone,  
 Nor cared to heed the faithless seed  
 His comrades' fears had sown.

Despite those raging breakers,  
And mast-high towers of foam,  
He passed unheard the craven word,  
His shipmates breathed of home.

## II.

Beneath him, where the coast-line  
Had stretched a sheltering bay,  
His twin ships worn and sea-dashed  
For a brief respite lay.  
Beside him, sure reliance,  
A little cross bespake  
Strong faith on Him, whose right hand  
Doth earth and ocean shake.  
Aloof—in knots—his fellows  
The anxious council bide,  
Which must their fateful voyage,  
For Ind or home decide.  
Nor light, I ween, nor selfish  
The words that shall be said ;  
For, prelude meet, they join to eat  
The consecrated bread.

## III.

What is it, Diaz, presseth  
Thy manful heart within?  
Can inward storm that iron form  
From wonted calmness win?  
That high and steadfast purpose,  
Hath it no staff of might,  
No vantage-ground to rest on,  
And hold resistance light?  
Or hath some worldly leaven  
Alloyed that holy aim,  
To check the Moslem's progress,  
And plant Messiah's name?  
Or wills He, who disposeth  
Their growth and their decay,  
The access-times to Eastern climes  
Yet longer to delay?

## IV.

Lo! where the captain ponders,  
And many a favor'd scheme  
Just on his mind's eye glances,  
Part of a brilliant dream.

As friends, and fondly cherish'd,  
They seem to mock his thought :  
Soon, soon the hopes shall crumble,  
Their vain revival wrought.

## v.

To bid the merchant city  
Resign her wide domain :  
Nor longer feast on West and East  
Her thirst of gold and gain.  
To humble queenly Venice :  
Her vaunted rule confine  
To where her sovran doges  
Wed yearly Adria's brine.  
To crowd his native Tagus,  
The fabled stream of gold,  
With many a bale till men should hail  
Truth in the tales of old :  
A life-dream this, that nearer  
Had ne'er approach'd than now :  
So bright, so near : can coward fear  
Point home the dusky prow ?

## VI.

Yet not the dreams of fortune  
For his dear father-land  
Alone had fired his spirit,  
To gain yon Indian strand :  
And track yon Southern Ocean,  
Though charm enough t'would be,  
To crown thy brows, fair Portugal,  
New empress of the sea.  
No ! on his heart so sanguine  
A grander vista broke,  
To crush the hopes that Asia weaves  
Of European yoke.  
So should the chains be riven,  
Her sultans aim'd to throw  
On Christendom, when gainful schemes  
Should bare it to the blow.  
No more the Faith should cower  
At trials that betide,  
Nor turban'd chief bid unbelief  
With death the spoil divide.



## VII.

“ I see,” he cries, “ the downfall  
“ Of fabrics rear’d on sand,  
“ Tho’ based on all the countless wealth  
“ Golconda’s mines command.  
“ Vain are the fears of statesmen,  
“ Lest all-encircling might  
“ From old Byzantium issuing  
“ Should choke the struggling light.  
“ Europe doth mock thee, Selim—  
“ The snares of Asia fail :  
“ Look to thine own—if ere alone  
“ It face misfortune’s gale.  
“ The cause of Christ shall triumph :  
“ Mahommed shrinks dismay’d :  
“ The way is found—With lightsome bound  
“ My barks the path have made.”

## VIII.

Brave heart ! a lot so bitter  
Man ne’er might taste as thine :  
Shame on our little sorrows,  
E’en if thou didst repine.

A troubled main adventured,  
Nor more of future ills  
In store, than dangers he had met,  
And men's reluctant wills :  
Sad end ! when all was clearing,  
Just as he scents the goal,  
For him the paths are pathless,  
Forbidden waters roll.  
The cross, the solemn session,  
The sacramental grace  
Bind him by adverse weight o'erruled  
Homeward his steps to trace.

## IX.

The cross his pious fancy  
Had rear'd, to sanctify  
A glorious aim, and thirst for fame,  
On the bare rock must lie :  
E'en with his hopes this foster-child  
To endless exile left !  
Blow winds ; ye cannot further mar  
A wreck of help bereft.

Aye! burst around his watches  
Off the fell "cape of storms:"  
Your fiercest slaves, or gales or waves,  
To him are grateful forms.

## X.

What home shall greet the dreamer  
With shatter'd barks and crew?  
What trust his hopes encourage  
For waste and woes anew?  
No wonder that the tear-drops  
Down cheeks so iron steal:—  
The Mother torn from her firstborn  
No sorer grief might feel.  
Life hath its ties no longer:  
The cables cut away,  
He drifts unknown, unsought, alone,  
In Lethe's stilly bay.

## XI.

Yet could he pierce the future,  
Live down his fortune hard,  
And scorn his scorers, he should find  
A daring heart's reward.

What though to him no tidings  
His project's wisdom prove ;  
No venture crown'd with bright success  
His gnawing doubt remove :  
Yet could his sad depression  
Ten fleeting years out-weep,  
Or could the news of deeds atchiev'd  
Bring joy to those that sleep :  
There yet were confirmation  
And many a tongue should tell,  
That Vasco did but prove the paths,  
Which Diaz struck so well :  
Should tell that now no longer  
Where Southern headlands rise  
The storm proclaims, but blithe hope names  
The Cape he did baptize.

## XII.

Or were his spirit gifted  
With clearer power to scan  
What yet should be, his faith might see,  
How blind his former man.  
The Cross he left so lonely,  
Hath spread its influence round :  
The Heathen fails, the Church prevails,  
The soil is Christian ground.

His Sacraments and Sabbaths

To Christ reclaim the land,

Whose name hath run to where the Sun

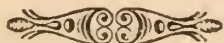
Burns up the Eastern strand.

While India's hundred millions

To Afric's shores respond,

And point what Diaz strove to find,

“ The better land beyond.”



## PHEMIUS TO ULYSSES,

AFTER THE SLAUGHTER OF THE SUITORS.

*Αὐτῷ σοι μετόπισθ' ἄχος ἔσσεται εἴ κεν ἀοιδὸν  
 πέφνης.*
ODYSS. xxii, 345.

HARM not the minstrel ! Tho' thy just displeasure  
     Sweep from its path the worthless suitor-crew,  
 Waste not in wrath a dearly purchased treasure :  
     Quench not a voice, that yet may sing thy due.

Harm not the minstrel ! Gifts so high descended  
     Flow not in vain adown the poet's lips,  
 Love not his prowess, who, his warfare ended,  
     An idle sword in poet-slaughter dips.

Harm not the bard ! or harm shall be hereafter,  
     King tho' thou art, alike to thee and thine !  
 Court not the ruin, roof and joist and rafter,  
     Of the proud halls of thy ancestral line.

Spoil not the joy of men and blest immortals,  
    Dooming the weaver of a thousand songs  
To that dark passage, thro' the gloomy portals  
    Thy vanquish'd foe in quick succession throngs.

For Gods and men our tuneful harp entrances  
    Strung to expression of eternal right :  
Bought not to wrong by gold or winning glances :  
    Sullen and fitful when compell'd by might.

Deem'st thou the chords were swept with base compliance,  
    When lately forced to adorn the rule of waste :  
That heaven-sprung bards could sell their native science  
    The paltry meed of drunken praise to taste ?

Bards, who the gulf between the round world's dwellings,  
    And yonder starry mansions of the blest,  
Ply in safe bark amid the wave-like swellings  
    Of song fresh-gushing from a truthful breast.

The worldlings strove, but could not change the rolling  
    Of that same current, tho' they might constrain :  
Low lie they now, their strength no more controlling  
    Fires that may burn to brilliant deeds again.

Raise me, thou Monarch ! Let me bend no longer  
In suppliant guise the weak and wasted frame,  
That hides within an inspiration stronger  
Than e'er to mortals, Jove unwilling, came.

So may my voice, half hush'd while yonder corsers  
Lived their long revel in thy plunder'd halls,  
Find by thy sway renewed its wonted forces,  
Not irresponsive to thy glory's calls.

So may it twine a wreath of grateful numbers  
To thee, as brave, and merciful, and wise :  
And prove thy title, when the last of slumbers  
Clings gently round thee, to expecting skies !





“Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid  
them not : for of such is the kingdom of God.”

*St. Mark, x, 14.*

Is there a Creed, that shuns the folds  
Of Christ's divine embrace  
For babes, and innocence withholds  
From that so blameless space :  
That bosom, where, when children come,  
Opens unknown a Heavenly home ?

Our little ones we did not keep  
From solemn font and fane :  
Eager betimes for them to reap  
The rich baptismal gain.  
These fingers traced the Holy cross,  
While Heaven did earthly love engross.

Not dully did mine ears, I trow,  
List to each word and tone,  
As sponsors syllabled the vow,  
God asketh of His own.

That solemn hour I noted well  
A ray on each young forehead dwell.

A ray that spake of better things,

Than earthly grace could give :

'Twas wafted here on spirit-wings ;

And here its light shall live,

Undimm'd, till, as the world creeps in,

The paradise is marr'd by sin.

Far be the day when it shall pale

On your broad brows, my sons !

And God forbid that shame should veil

Your cheeks, my tender ones !

Virtue and truth may breed a look,

Whence Satan ne'er advantage took.

I see you pure of heart as yet !

The busy slaves of guile

Fail to enclose you in the net

Of all that may defile.

His little ones in Christ are safe,

Howe'er the storm of sin may chafe.

How will it be when seasons change,  
And tides of trial beat  
On natures warm, to all things strange,  
Beyond their home-retreat.  
When forth they go : and tempters try  
If Christ for aye doth sanctify.

I may not penetrate the deep,  
That hides your fate beyond !  
I may not know if ye shall keep  
In riper years the bond,  
Which pledged you, at the font, to learn  
The meed of stedfastness to earn.

We can but pray, and hope, and strive  
In thought, and word, and deed,  
That while the growing wheat doth thrive  
Thro' Him who sowed the seed,  
Our handiwork a fence may raise  
To keep from harm their after-days.

To shape our Esther's sprightly form,  
Light heart, and laughing mien,  
In suchwise that nor sun nor storm  
From God her trust may wean.  
But evenness of mind employ  
Due times of soberness and joy.

Forbid it, Lord, that we should check  
Her present reckless glee,  
Or curb the sunny locks that fleck  
Her cheeks so fresh to see.  
Time teaches—We will work with time,  
And win her heart to truth sublime.

Yes, we will tell her how of old  
An Esther gently bore  
A change of fortune : not more bold  
In greatness than before.  
Praise and the world o'ercame her not.  
God and his Church she ne'er forgot.

And, little Mary, thou shalt know,  
And learn, by pattern high,  
The better part to seek below :  
Thy long-lashed pensive eye  
Bespeaks a calm unruffled way,  
From Jesus' feet averse to stray.

My sons ! Oh they should stand erect  
Above all lying arts,  
Whose open brows should well reflect  
Their honest manly hearts ;  
Yet ever in the sight of God,  
Bend deep and lowly to the sod.

Still may they cling, as now, in youth,  
To that dear fount of love,  
Where after God, the well of truth  
Simplicity may prove,  
Their mother's bosom, there to meet  
True guidance for their boyish feet.

Scarce see we with our selfish eyes,  
Who range a wider field,  
How to their fond work mothers rise,  
And truth-stores are reveal'd  
To meet their needs, and duly teach  
Such sermons as but mothers preach.

My sturdy James, my infant Hugh,  
Along life's onward road  
Be ever to this instinct true,  
And here your hearts unload.  
Shall ever weight or grief oppress,  
Unsooth'd by mother's tenderness ?

Dreamy and vague the hopes I raise,  
Yet haply hopes, and sighs,  
And prayers for their early days,  
May draw round those we prize  
From year to year a closer tie  
With Him who bade the child draw nigh.

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Her cheeks so fresh to see.  
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    Yet haply hopes, and sighs,  
And prayers for their early days,  
    May draw round those we prize  
From year to year a closer tie  
With Him who bade the child draw nigh.

He will not fail them ! We may cease  
By weakness, absence, death,  
To watch their real wealth increase,  
To nurse the spirit's breath.  
But, He who suffer'd, suffers still  
The child in heart His arms to fill.

To Him we trust them. May they trust  
Their thoughts and ways to Him !  
Then, when we mingle with the dust,  
And e'en their eyes grow dim :  
Their age shall joy, while sires to son,  
True service of their God pass on.





## THE WARRIOR AND THE POET.

“Swiftly but silently did the boats fall down upon the tide, unobserved by the enemy’s sentinels, who were, or should have been, at their posts along the shore. Of the soldiers on board, how eagerly must every eye have contemplated the dark outline, as it lay pencilled upon the midnight sky; and as every moment it grew closer and clearer, of the hostile heights. Not a word was spoken—not a sound was heard beyond the rippling of the stream. Wolfe alone, the tradition has told us, repeated in a low voice to the other officers in his boat, those beautiful stanzas with which a country churchyard inspired the muse of Gray. One noble line—‘The paths of glory lead but to the grave’—must have seemed at such a moment fraught with mournful meaning. At the close of the recitation Wolfe added, ‘Now, gentlemen, I had rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.’”—*Lord Mahon’s History of England*, Vol. IV, p. 163.

## I.

OH! high is his meed, when the victor gains  
 The glory of hard-won battle plains:  
 When the rich and the poor of his fatherland  
 Are one in the welcome of heart and hand:  
 And his after-life flows with a favoring breath  
 Through a bright summer day to an honour’d death.

## II.

And who would in spiritless ease decline  
The post of the brave in the mail-clad line ;  
Lest haply he fall, as his fathers fell,  
Bearing the brunt of the battle well ?  
Or lightly would reckon, by land or sea,  
A death in the moment of victory ?

## III.

Can a soaring spirit have nobler spur  
Than the hopes in the warrior heart astir ?  
With a stedfast eye to the heights of fame,  
Whereon he may plant him a glorious name.  
Can he climb to the summit a nobler way ?  
Oh ! can there be nobler ? There can. There may.

## IV.

For what is the hero, by bards unsung ?  
Tho' his deeds never die, when the lyre is strung.  
How speedily withers the victors bay  
With its leaves unfreshened by poet's lay.  
But the gathering sereness is past and fled,  
If poesy whispers him life, when dead.

## V.

What lack had the glory of Philip's son,  
But a Homer to sing of the fields he won?  
Go, tell not of fame that a match defies,  
Yet on others, and not on itself relies.  
Nay, rather let his be the chiefest crown,  
Who hath power to win, and record renown!

## VI.

A ballad may sharpen the sword's dull edge,  
And the lyre of prowess be surest pledge.  
'Twas the keen word-steel of Aphidnæ's bard,  
That dazzled and slew the Messenian guard.  
For in song-stirr'd vigour the Spartan pressed,  
Till he chased the foe to his mountain nest.

## VII.

Yet better it were that the minstrel's fire  
Should kindle to love than to vengeful ire:  
If he feeleth within him the wond'rous power  
To waken the brave in the needful hour.  
But in peace or in war can his fame be less  
Than the leader of armies, whom kings caress?

## VIII.

Oh no ! it is writ in the fervent heart  
That a poet is born to the noblest part.  
Where his hopes scarce venture, his spell extends,  
Earth's mightiest hero before him bends :  
And the brave ere now, on the eve of fame,  
Have sighed for the laurels that song doth claim.

## IX.

Ay ! see ye the boats that in silence glide  
Down that new-world river's unguarded tide :  
Lo, there is a leader, intent to win  
Yon heights, that are teeming with foes within :  
And his chosen are hush'd, and the oar-plash check,  
In the dim midnight, as they near Quebec.

## X.

Where the officers group in the foremost boat,  
Hark ! low measured sounds thro' the night air float.  
Is it Wolfe, soft-breathing his hopes to rise,  
Or his thirst for glory the night wind sighs ?  
Doth he dwell on the deeds which shall yet bestow  
An evergreen crown, tho' he sleep below ?

## XI.

Not such is the whisper of men that thirst  
In daring and danger to rank the first.  
Unbroken and even its cadence falls.  
Such is not the speech that for ardour calls.  
But a sobering influence sheds its balm,  
Where the morrow shall usher nor peace, nor calm.

## XII.

Or is it the chieftain had learn'd to weave  
Such lays as the tranquil of heart conceive?  
And that now, as the night on his senses steals,  
Sweet rest to the fever of war he feels :  
As he tarries awhile on the early vein :  
And sings of his home and its haunts again.

## XIII.

Oh ! never before in so strange an hour  
Came tribute so rare to the minstrel's power.  
As when hailing the prospect of conquest near  
Wolfe clung not to dreams to the warrior dear,  
But in stillness so awful could backward roam  
In thought to the lays of his English home.

## XIV.

For that spirit so daring yet soft of mould  
 Was afar, mid the pleasures it loved of old.  
 And threading in fancy its boyhood's way,  
 Met a scene that had kindled the muse of Gray :  
 And its voice found issue, composed and free,  
 In the strains of his churchyard elegy.

## XV.

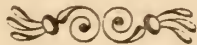
Each stanza rolled forth in a soft sweet tone,  
 And the fate-winged moments had onward flown  
 When ceasing he noticed the gaze intent,  
 The group on their spirit-stirred chief had bent ;  
 And said, " It were fairer my name to deck  
 " With the fame of that poem, than take Quebec.

## XVI.

" The valour of thousands yon heights might scale,  
 " And subtlety vanquish, or strength prevail.  
 " And a trophy be raised on fields of gore,  
 " But oh ! higher and harder the aim to soar,  
 " To the temple of song, and to reach emprise  
 " By the ladder of tenderest sympathies."

## XVII.

He spake. And the gleam of the morning's sun  
Scarce paled from the hills, ere his course was run.  
He fell in his glory—his task atchieved—  
His country had triumph'd : his country grieved.  
But Poets will treasure his midnight word,  
That the glory of verse doth eclipse the sword.



## LUDLOW CASTLE.

AN ELEGY.

I.

NOUGHT save the wild wind breathes along thy towers,  
 Thou fair wan fortress of "the people's hill!"  
 E'en if one ghost-knight flits from hall to bowers,  
 Dead are the pulses of once-giant will.

II.

Yet didst thou boast thy giant hearts of yore,  
 Giant in daring deed, in minstrel song:  
 To clothe the war-field with the foeman's gore,  
 Or wake sweet sounds thy stately courts among.

II. Lude-low, in purer Saxon Leode-hlœw, signifies the "hill of the people."—*Wright's History of Ludlow*, p. 13.



## III.

Those sounds are mute : those fields are grassy-green !

Those roofless chambers are the owl's domain !

Life shuns the tomb of glories, that have been,

Where crumbling piles of blighted hopes complain.

## IV.

All, all are hush'd—Impassive in their place

The wrack of age thy mocking fronts abide !

An empty thing of stone ! a heartless face,

Like some bright soul of beauty—petrified.

## V.

But many an age life revell'd on thy steep :

Yon brow of towers, that tips the broad town's eye,

Rose ever frowning, watch and ward to keep,

And Cymry's legions undismay'd defy.

## VI.

Not yet hath song those elder days forgot !

Afield beside the smoothly gliding Teme,

Wrapt as I view the memory-haunted spot,

I catch each feature of the changeful theme.

## VII.

Of border wars, of sieges writ in blood,  
 'Mid ample space, my Muse refrains to tell.  
 Efface the record grim, thou tranquil flood,  
 Of old empurpled as the hero fell.

## VIII.

A winsome vision beckons with a smile  
 To calmer thoughts than battle dins recall :  
 Gladly I track—one hour of ease to while—  
 One peaceful fancy, blent with yonder wall.

## IX.

Yes, for on woodland knoll, by Whitecliff's heights,  
 Alike on turret, as by river sides,  
 A brighter halo bay-crown'd temples lights,  
 And round a bard in radiant lustre bides.

## X.

This is thy glory, Ludlow ! who shall trace  
 With bold idea paths that Milton trod ?  
 Who guess, where erst that form of wond'rous grace  
 Reclining haply bless'd the unconscious sod ?

## XI.

Hush ! as I rove upon these dreams intent,  
And o'er the stream bank gaze on Burway meads,  
Light falls my step, lest I perchance prevent  
Some song he weaveth to the vocal reeds.

## XII.

For poets die not !—Haunted by thy shade,  
Thou bard of Comus, let me deem the scene,  
Where Nature vies with works, that man hath made,  
Yet each are debtors to thy might serene.

## XIII.

Yet wooing echo in thy choral song,  
Yet moulding noble youths, and sister pure,  
Dost thou not joy those triumphs to prolong,  
To tell of which yon courts erect endure ?

XIII. The "Mask of Comus" was first presented in the banqueting hall of Ludlow Castle, A.D. 1634, before John, Earl of Bridgewater, then president of Wales. John Milton and Henry Lawes (a celebrated musician, who was retained in Ludlow Castle) were intimate friends.

## XIV.

Thou that didst paint vice hideous, virtue bright,  
 Above all other limners, linger here !  
 And let thine heaven-born genius guide aright  
 An earthly rhymers, where thou once wast dear.

## XV.

Poor though the rhyme he builds, yet doubly blest  
 Some passages at least his life hath found,  
 Once while it halted, where thy footsteps press'd  
 The groves of Christ's : now on this hallow'd ground.

## XVI.

Thee, in the song of boyhood proud to hymn,  
 Thee did he later woo in cloister'd cell !  
 Here, where so early grew his mind and limb,  
 Here, hath he come in age mature to dwell.

XV, XVI. The author of these Poems commenced his education in the Grammar School of Ludlow, in which he is now head-master. He began his university course at Christ's College, Cambridge, where Milton's rooms and mulberry tree are still shown.

## XVII.

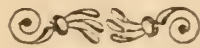
Like thee (how far beneath thee !) he would blend  
The teacher with the poet : train the young  
In wiser saws, than should with boyhood end,  
Sweet with the honey of a poet's tongue.

## XVIII.

Oh ! might he, courting oft the tuneful Muse,  
Amid these scenes bard-haunted, bard-beloved,  
Seek their high converse, seek and not misuse,  
In humbler strains, 'mid humbler strains approved.

## XIX.

Thrice glad, if future lays were worthy fee  
For Ludlow's early nursing : glad to close  
The poem of a lifetime nearest thee,  
Thou pile, 'neath which his youngest day-dreams rose.



SONNET ON HEARING OF THE APPOINTMENT OF  
 THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG,

*Vicar of Tidenham, Gloucestershire,*

TO

The Bishopric of Graham's Town, South Africa.

GOD send thee well, true champion of the Cross !  
 Go forth upon thine errand, nobler now,  
 Not in thine aim, but in thy mitred brow,  
 Than when those dales (that best may speak the loss  
 The gain of Afric, and the waves that toss  
 A precious freight, bring to them :) learnèd how  
 Thou didst fulfil thine ordination vow,  
 While love for men did all thy days engross.  
 Go forth ! true worker ! in the strength of love  
 To higher service : and, as thou hast been  
 Foremost to lift the weak, the strong to move  
 To deeds of mercy *here*, may'st thou be seen  
 Kindling afar the hope that points above,  
 By charity unfeign'd and faith serene !

## INTENSITY OF PURPOSE REWARDED.

Seven or eight years ago, a monk, remarkable only for his holy life, saw a vision. The form of our crucified Redeemer was presented to him in superhuman beauty and marvellous distinctness. A voice bade him impress this form indelibly on his memory, for that he was destined to work out a representation of it for the good of his own soul, and the edification of others. When he awoke he set himself in faith to work at a model, though he had neither artistic knowledge nor skill to help him. He was aided from time to time by the reappearance of the vision, in the same form and beauty, till at length, after two years, the model was finished, and executed in ivory. It was brought by some Americans to England from Italy for sale, and is said to be of the finest description, and equal in point of correctness of anatomical detail, to anything of M. Angelo or Benvenuto Cellini. Those who would gather more information on the subject are referred to "Lectures on the Principles of Imitative Art," delivered to the University of Oxford, by G. Butler, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter.

## I.

FATHER, never mortal art  
 Wrought those eyes, that fondly dart  
 From the Christ, thou claspest there,  
 Glances of unspoken care.

## X.

What were cunning arts to me,  
Blest in holy privacy ?  
What, if when my years were told,  
I my Saviour might behold ?

## XI.

Days and years the closer drew  
Holy thoughts and things to view.  
Meditation, praise and pray'r,  
Left the world but little share.

## XII.

Never heart had been so blest  
In a contemplative rest.  
For in single hope and aim,  
Changes found my life the same.

## XIII.

Once, as undistinguish'd day  
Yielded to his sister's sway,  
As I mused, resistless sleep  
Seemed my watching eyes to steep ;



## XIV.

Yet no darkness round me clung,  
Though the face of night was young.  
Glistening above the gloom  
Floods of radiance bathed my room.

## XV.

From that sea of perfect light  
Rose to mine astonished sight,  
Not as men his likeness gloss,  
Christ Himself upon His cross.

## XVI.

Palsied awe, and wistful love  
Mightily within me strove :  
Till, lest that rich sight should pale,  
Yearning bade my love prevail.

## XVII.

Trancèd gazing rendered clear  
Pallid mien, and anguish drear :  
Yet, above our faith to guess,  
Beauty clothing heaviness.

## XVIII.

Beauty, born of love sublime,  
Strong in sorrow's darkest time,  
Graceful in the clutch of death,  
Fled not thence with parting breath.

## XIX.

There it rested on that brow,  
Sweetly calm in pain, as now.  
Mouth and lips alone bespoke  
Pangs the ruthless nails awoke.

## XX.

All beside was sorrow deep  
For the blinded souls that keep  
Now, as then, their plight to sin ;  
Vassals to their prince akin !

## XXI.

Golden eloquence were vain,  
Though, my sons, my heart is fain  
To express the loving grace  
Gather'd in that woeful face.

## XXII.

Sudden on my senses fell  
Accents I have treasured well.  
Oh, that human love could teach  
With as mighty charm of speech!

## XXIII.

“Gaze,” it said, “and note, and scan  
“This, thy Lord, the Son of man!  
“Thus my passion mark’d my frame:  
“Thou must liken Me the same.

## XXIV.

“Marvel not, thy name is known  
“At the feet of Heaven’s throne.  
“Upward sped on spirit wings,  
“Thee it marks for greater things.

## XXV.

“Shrink not, though My words assign  
“Task so high to hands like thine,  
“Take thy fill and write thy part  
“On the tablets of thine heart.

## XXVI.

“ Persevere ! and I will be  
“ Hand and graving-tool to thee !  
“ Ever, if thy memory fear,  
“ To refresh it, I am near.”

## XXVII.

Pass'd the vision. 'Twas no dream,  
Imaging my daily theme.  
Morning found its traces scroll'd  
Heart-deep, real, clear, and bold.

## XXVIII.

Strange as ye may deem the word,  
To the bidding of my Lord,  
All unapt tho' I might be,  
I did gird me fearlessly.

## XXIX.

Those, whose science is to scan  
Closely all the frame of man,  
By symmetric figure please  
Deftly :—I was none of these.

## XXX.

Yet I felt how high the trust  
Offer'd to a child of dust.  
Feebleness before me fled :  
Could I doubt when God had said ?

## XXXI.

Toil and watching, care and zeal,  
These, methought, might set the seal,  
When 'twas finished,—on success,  
Such as He, who gave, would bless.

## XXXII.

So I bent me to my task,  
Sure of aid, if I should ask :  
Long and thrice-laborious days  
Blended progress with delays.

## XXXIII.

Ever, if remembrance fail'd,  
Ambassage from Heaven I hail'd.  
As I strove, and wrought, and sigh'd  
What I lackèd, He supplied.

## XXXIV.

Then what joy across me stole,  
When a promise of the whole,  
Nearer now in sweet surprise,  
Dawned upon these longing eyes.

## XXXV.

Touches I might deem inspired  
Gave at last what I desired :  
Till perfection's self it stood ;  
God within me whisper'd "good."

## XXXVI.

Ye have swell'd the witness band,  
Which would learn the master hand,  
Gave so rare an image birth,  
Modell'd from no form of earth.

## XXXVII.

Mine the hand ; The glory His  
That shall be, and was, and is !  
I was nought but heedful slave,  
Welcoming the light He gave :

## XXXVIII.

Well content such task should fill  
Thoughts, ambition, purpose, will :  
Cent'ring on this master aim,  
Every stake for after-fame.

## XXXIX.

Fame, that Angel hosts would bless,  
If its owner lived t' express,  
Christ's atoning sacrifice,  
As He bade, to mortal eyes.

## XL.

Children, would ye learn of me,  
Singly aim, and constantly.  
Cumber not your spirit's soil  
With a vain and shifting toil.

## XLI.

Foremost let the Son of God  
Win you to the paths He trod.  
Patient waiting servants find  
Each his proper work assign'd.

## XLII.

Learn it : Do it : with your might !  
None that strive, will vigils slight.  
And, as ye would best ensure  
End and prize of faith, be pure !

## XLIII.

Swept and garnish'd hearts aspire !  
Patience tends the spirit's fire.  
Concentration points its blaze  
To the heights of singlest praise.

## XLIV.

Onward strive in faith awhile :  
Christ shall light you with His smile.  
Yours shall be the approval given,  
Those who win the prize of Heaven.





ON A SEPIA DRAWING OF REPTON CHURCH  
AND PRIORY,

WHERE I FINISHED MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

I.

Not only for the days ye bring  
In gay and fleet review :  
And boyish forms, that lightly spring  
On fancy's gaze anew :  
Not for the tales, that arch could tell  
Of hearts, that early learn'd to swell  
With joy to cross the Rubicon  
Between them and the prize they sought,  
All reckless of the penance, brought  
By hopes that led them on.

## II.

Not for the spire that spake not then

So clearly to our hearts

The "*sursum corda*" which as men

Must tone our after parts.

I may not say its symmetry

Spake much of heavenly things to me ;

Tho' then, on many a summer eve,

I built my air-capt towers as high,

And gazing on the cloudless sky

Would soaring schemes conceive.

## III.

Not for the sparkling depths we proved,

The mine that endless seem'd,

When under guidance, better lov'd

Than wilful fancy deem'd,

In yonder school on lips we hung,

That forth such varied treasures flung

Of new and old ; of poet-lore,

Of anecdote and sober prose,

That from our master's feet we rose

With ever growing store.

## IV.

Nor yet, in peopling yonder space,  
As I beheld it trod,  
To follow playmates on the race :  
How some have met their God,  
From future struggles call'd away :  
How some are blythe of heart to-day,  
Blest with the same deserved success,  
As when our rivalry began,  
And eager boy but typed the man,  
Emerging from the press.

## V.

No, not for these remembrancers  
Of mimic school-boy life,  
To which the memory oft recurs  
In later storm or strife :  
Tho' never doth the world unteach,  
Or worldly wisdom's craft out-reach,  
The truths of human nature shown  
To minglers in that busy swarm,  
Or later joys dispel the charm  
Youth claimeth for her own.

## VI.

For memories twined with that mute art,  
The pencil's wondrous skill,  
Which bids the scenes we cherish'd, start  
Fresh to our eyes at will :  
It is for these my grateful Muse  
Chiefly its smouldering fires renews ;  
Perhaps the quicken'd light may shine  
On her, whose tasteful hand atchieved  
The gift her kindly heart conceived  
Would reach the nearest mine.

## VII.

She knew from constant nearness then,  
That all the tempting change  
From school to ways and haunts of men  
Would ne'er my love estrange  
From that my life's first battle-field—  
She knew—and, woman-like, would yield  
Her aid to re-create the past :  
To foster aims design'd to keep  
My footsteps to the scarce tried steep  
I hoped to mount at last.

## VIII.

Between us rolls a stream of years,  
Our once convergent ways  
Each to a wider distance veers,  
Than deem'd those sunny days  
When it was sweet abroad, at home  
To cull from some poetic tome  
Wreaths for the maiden painter's taste.  
Say, doth she need this tell-tale rhyme,  
To witness that nor rust nor time  
Hath that first-gift displaced.

## IX.

Oh, if remembrance mirrors true  
The scenes of long ago  
To other hearts—a fitful hue  
Of light and joy will glow,  
(Methinks, to her awaken'd thought,)  
On one small room, wherein she wrought,  
What, time, as happy days sped on,  
My fancy recked not they could pass :  
Or twelve years thence thro' memory's glass  
Grove for the past and gone.

## X.

I mind it well. Two maidens bend  
     O'er self-elected tasks,  
 While tints and colours finish lend,  
     As taste their presence asks.  
 A seeming failure gathers now,  
 A tear-cloud on one earnest brow—  
     The other cheeringly suggests  
 How what was failure may be gain :  
 My sister summons heart again,  
     Which all her work invests.

## XI.

A thousand words, and thoughts, and tones,  
     With those attempts return—  
 Both works atchieved my study owns :  
     From each at times I learn  
 How fate doth earthly visions bar :  
 Of those kind painters one is far,  
     Tho' hope had fixed her ever near ;  
 The other is not. There abide  
 But these mementos, side by side,  
     Of forms and seasons dear.

## XII.

Yet, it may be, my gratitude  
For what recalls the past,  
May on her distant gaze obtrude,  
If, o'er these pages cast,  
It light on words which she can read,  
And to their truth and scope give heed,  
As from her backward-stealing eyes  
Warm gleams of ancient kindness look  
Acceptance of my venturous book,  
And these vague memories.

## XIII.

For vague they are—and better so,  
Than if my muse should fill  
The shades and lights, that all might know,  
How some must rank her still.  
And better, if this outline prove  
How impotent is time to move,  
Howe'er oblivion-dipped his wings,  
Long cherish'd tokens from the sight :  
Or newer groups to chase in flight  
Youth's early gatherings.

## THE TEACHING OF THE SNOWDROP.

“ To-day the grave is bright for me.”

*Tennyson's In Memoriam.*

OH ! guard in safest keeping,  
 Thou waving beechen shade,  
 The spot, where gently sleeping,  
 Our sister's form is laid :  
 Till as the waning earth grows dull,  
 Untrod by mortal feet,  
 Awaking from the wondrous lull,  
 Man with his Judge shall meet.

E'en thus I saw you leafless,  
 With branching arms outspread,  
 When hopeful, yet not griefless,  
 We buried there our dead :  
 We gave a sister's earthly part  
 In kindred dust to lie  
 Beneath your shade : a faithful heart  
 To wait eternity.



Like you, to Heaven upsoaring,  
    In hope she rais'd her head ;  
And, her meek Lord adoring,  
    Her own meek spirit fled.  
But ne'er to God, in selfish love,  
    Did her fond thoughts ascend :  
She ever strove to point above  
    The hopes of each dear friend.

For, as the scene was closing,  
    And life was ebbing fast,  
Unmixt with pain or dozing,  
    Few tranquil moments past ;  
Yet found she time to speak her will,  
    And this last boon to crave :  
" Oh ! if it may be, let me fill  
    " Some plain and lowly grave.

" I know my Saviour liveth !—  
    " I too shall rise again :  
" New life the same Lord giveth,  
    " Who gave and blest my pain.  
" Then dot my grave with snowdrops o'er ;  
    " Perchance I thus may tell  
" To others, when myself no more,  
    " The truth I mark so well.

“ These snow-white flowers remind me  
     “ Of saintly righteousness !  
 “ Oh ! that my Lord may find me  
     “ Meet for so pure a dress.  
 “ These, peeping from the wintry ground,  
     “ Bespeak the Saints’ new spring :  
 “ Their golden rings the glory crown’d,  
     “ Their sweet rest entering.

“ In all and each a token  
     “ Of life past death I see !  
 “ Those inner streaks have spoken  
     “ Of noblest prize to me.  
 “ They tell me of the palms in hand,  
     “ Which cleansèd spirits bear :  
 “ When at th’ Eternal throne they stand,  
     “ And praise succeeds to prayer.”

She spoke : her words were graven  
     On hearts, which loved her best :  
 She now hath reach’d the haven,  
     We trust, of holy rest.  
 But, being dead, she yet doth speak :  
     Her earnest voice and eye,  
 The spirit strong in frame so weak  
     To us still testify.

A loved and loving brother

This simple lay doth weave :

Meet present to the mother,

Thy death did most bereave.

He was not there to see thine end :

He could not close thine eyes :

But where his footsteps might not tend,

His yearning spirit flies.

A dying sister listens !

His written thoughts are read !

Awhile her dim eye glistens,

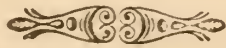
Perchance a tear is shed.

She passes from her friends away,

In calm unbreathing sleep,

So stilly, that life's parting ray

Forewarns them not to weep.



## PALM SUNDAY IN DEAN FOREST.

*(First published in the Churchman's Magazine, March, 1853.)*

'Tis even! and the setting sun  
 His leave of earth hath ta'en,  
 When garland bearers, one by one,  
 Peer forth from dell and lane :  
 How earnest must the errand be,  
 Their footsteps onward bear !  
 Is it some gay festivity ?  
 Some village wake or fair ?

Nay ! deem not theirs a selfish joy !  
 They seek no private ends :  
 These spring-tide chaplets they employ  
 In love for absent friends.

Soon will they gather round each spot,  
Where child or kinsman lies,  
Proud to enrich the garden plot  
Of fondest memories.

Yon churchyard will their gifts receive,  
No weeping throng to-night !  
Sweeter than balm to hearts that grieve,  
These graves with flowers bedight !  
And sure they speak the living truth ;—  
Our simple forest deems,  
That, with men's death, in age or youth,  
It is not as it seems.

They cannot think the barrier wide,  
That parts the quick and dead :  
Or hold to aught but sight denied,  
The spirit which hath fled.  
They love the thought, that those are near,  
Whose lives with theirs were twined :  
And court th' approach of spirits clear,  
In every rustling wind.

Oh ! 'tis no city-cherished faith,  
But Nature's simple child ;  
Such as nor fiery zeal hath scath'd,  
Nor fancy hath beguiled.  
Amidst our trees, and nooks, and dells,  
The heart untutored grows ;  
Not trained in truth, where organ swells,  
But where the hoarse wind blows.

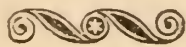
Not wide their range ! yet plenteous light  
Flows streaming from above ;  
And bursts the shadowy clouds of night,  
Inspiring holiest love.

Love to the Lord, and love to men,  
Thrive ofttimes kindly here ;  
As flowers scarce known to worldly ken,  
Yet bright and never sere.

Still keep your custom, foresters ;  
Still deck your graves anew !  
Still, as Palm Sunday morn recurs,  
Bright be the churchyard's hue !

Such simple acts shall tend to free  
Your hearts from earthly pride ;  
And raise you to their company,  
Who with their Lord abide.

Simplicity and pureness twine  
In one unfading wreath :  
So when your bodies ye resign,  
To feed the worm beneath—  
So tho' the grave your forms immure,  
Aloft your souls shall fly !—  
Ye shall not die ! your life shall dure  
Eternally on high.



## ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF SYDNEY.

The late Dr. Broughton, Metropolitan Bishop of Australasia, was educated at the King's School, Canterbury. One of his schoolfellows, Sir G. Gipps, late Governor of Australia, was his friend through life. The Bishop died early in the year 1853, on the occasion of his first return to England after his consecration. His remains lie in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury, beside those of his friend, and within a slight distance from the scene of his early education.—The following stanzas appeared in the 'Churchman's Magazine,' in April, 1853.

THE simple-hearted yearn for youthful scenes,  
 E'en when the mind is worn, the head grown gray,  
 No charm of spot so potent intervenes,  
 As e'er to dim the light of boyhood's day.

The priest who bears the Christian banner forth,  
 To plant it in new climes, on Austral plains,  
 His orders, rule, his doctrine, and the worth  
 Of all his works, from home-tradition gains.



Hence, with no treason to his holy call,  
When duty draws him back to father-land,  
How calm his joy ! how sweet the tears that fall,  
As he surveys the memory-haunted strand !

So too did he, on whom was laid the care  
Of all Australia's churches, cross the main ;  
And, to their weal devoted homeward fare,  
Well pleased to view familiar haunts again.

That two-fold mother won him to her breast,  
Who nursed him first, and then his mission gave ;  
That holy fane his boyish footsteps press'd ;  
That solemn spot, " which must not be his grave."

So deem'd the pilgrim bishop ; he must wend,  
Ere long, to shores where God had fixed his lot :  
A little space—and soon each early friend  
That saw him first, again shall see him not.

Soft ! while he lingers, where his world began,  
Cheer'd by remembrance, young of heart once more,  
There comes between a Will o'er-ruling man,  
Its perfect dictates 'stablished long before.

Hand to the plough, and heart on work intent,  
His God descrying would not further prove ;  
Then to his servant swift-wing'd herald sent,  
To quit no more the country of his love.

Death was that herald ! In thy holy shade,  
Thou chief cathedral of his native isle,  
Beside the cloisters, where his boyhood played,  
Beside his friend, doth Sydney sleep awhile.

God loved to grant him, what he would not ask,  
(For 'twas not his to tempt Thy will, O God !)  
Thy message found him girt for further task—  
It left him girt by no unfriendly sod.

There by his grave—from home, and far away,  
Bent aged bishops, knelt the surplic'd priest :  
Soon shall his escort be a bright array,  
Compar'd with which, yon band is less than least.

Soon shall the angel host, with glad “well done,”  
The Christian standard-bearer welcome home ;  
Yield him the praise of labours bravely won ;  
Admiring, hail him to the joys to come.

## LINES ON KINGTON CHURCHYARD.

“ Attractive as home is, there is one other place that is still nearer the human heart, and that is the churchyard which holds our friends. A mother’s grave is the Mecca that our memory ever kneels to, be our pilgrimage where it may.”

I STOOD beside those dear old trees,  
 And calmly wooed the western breeze  
     That up the valley sung :  
 The path I trod was holy ground :  
 On each green turf, each verdant mound,  
     Some precious memory hung.  
 ’Twas solemn, yet not sad, I ween,  
 That churchyard walk, that sylvan scene  
     Of days when we were young.

Strange that to us the place of death  
 Is where we drew our earliest breath

In childhood's joyous spring :  
 Strange that our boyish rendezvous  
 Was where, around yon darksome yew,  
     Tall tombs lie clustering.  
 No superstition marr'd our walk :  
 No ghost behind our steps did stalk,  
     To our imagining.

Methinks it was but yesterday,  
 Tho' years and years have pass'd away,  
     When my young heart did dream,  
 E'en here, of olden power and might,  
 Of Barons bold and ladies bright,  
     And many a courtly theme,  
 Which yon fair prospect yet might raise :  
 Alas ! the buoyant fancy strays  
     Into the worldly stream.

For down the vale old Hergest's pile,\*  
 In ruin fair, would oft beguile

\* Hergest Court was built A.D. 1430, for Thomas ap Rosser, second son of Sir Roger Vaughan, of Bredwardine, and his wife Glwadus, daughter of Sir David Gam.

My roving brain. 'Twas dear  
To muse on Nature's lovely guise ;  
To scan with ever fresh surprise  
Her glories far and near ;  
They never tired ; I never knew  
A choicer spot from which to view  
Wood, dale, or mountains clear.

Was there a hand that strangely led  
The living thus to seek the dead ;  
That made me joy to stand,  
A thoughtless lad, ah me ! at best,  
Where kindred in their deep dark rest  
Await the last command :  
That bade me court the shade, and cling  
As round some old familiar thing ?  
Faith says there was a hand.

I see it now—one act is o'er :  
That churchyard charms not as before,  
No outer prospects come  
To cheat it of its inward grace ;  
No footlength of that hallow'd space  
But speaks to me of home.  
New ties endear mine old retreat,  
And manhood finds it passing sweet,  
Amid yon graves to roam.

My sister! is thy spirit nigh?  
 Doth not thine olden sympathy,  
     Now washed of earth's alloy,  
 Still cling to him, whose eye doth turn,  
 To gain from thy sepulchral urn,  
     The secret of his joy  
 In themes like this—whose pray'r ascends  
 That he may meet, as saints, the friends  
     He cherish'd from a boy.

Thine ashes lie beneath the sod,  
 Which, at the call to meet our God,  
     Shall yield not thine alone,  
 But many an elder kindred form :  
 God knoweth if, where life is warm  
     As yet round thew and bone,  
 Our bodies, who survive thy death,  
 The same scant breadth of earth beneath,  
     On the same terms, shall own.

It should not be! yet when I raise  
 These fabrics to my mental gaze,  
     Old Barzillai's prayer \*  
 Comes wafted as by chance, unsought,  
 With its calm choice and tranquil thought,

\* Sam. xix, 37.

Its wish so simply fair ;

“ I pray thee let me turn again,

“ That where my parents long have lain,

“ I may be buried there.

“ Where I was nurtur'd let me die :

“ In mine own city close mine eye :

“ An old man's hopes and fears

“ Have fettered choice, have marr'd my taste,

“ Why should thy servant vainly haste

“ To drink, with straining ears,

“ The youthful voice of minstrel song?—

“ Thy servant seeks not to prolong

“ The weight of fourscore years.”

The good old man had rightly deem'd,

Yet errs my heart if e'er it dream'd

My bones could fitly lie,

In death, afar from yonder fold,

Where God hath will'd that I should hold

The pastor's staff, and cry

Repent, and turn ye, while 'tis day ;

Should gather in the lambs that stray,

And all their needs supply.

Yea! where mine earthly labours cease,  
'Tis meet that I should rest in peace;

And that my humble tomb  
Should speak of one, who knew his sin,  
Yet hoped in Christ, and strove to win  
Dark steps to light from gloom.

Why should I wish it otherwise?  
Where shall I leave my closer ties?  
For love where wider room?

What reck's it where my bones are dust,  
If at the rising of the just

I share the glad "well done;"  
With faithful servants now asleep—  
If I the wished-for harvest reap,  
With those before me gone?

What matter tho' our graves should be  
As far apart as sea from sea,  
If then we join as one?

To this my solemn thoughts aspire,  
Tho' fancy wins my weak desire

To dream of common earth:  
Be this our union: to be borne  
To one blest home, upon the morn



Of everlasting birth.—

Nerve me and mine, O God, to strain  
For prize so fair, so rich to gain,  
Of such transcendant worth.

Yet outward things may fix our love,  
The heart may soar to Heaven above,  
With seldom drooping wings ;  
If we but seek more oft the power  
To fly from earth, which one brief hour  
Of churchyard musing brings.  
Oh ! may I find, if spared to age,  
Sweet solace to my pilgrimage,  
By such calm wanderings.

By me at least congenial found,  
This lay hath reach'd its utmost bound,  
Its highest end be this,  
That years to come, my darling child  
May love the lines that erst beguiled  
Her father's cares, nor miss  
That churchyard's charm ; to him so dear,  
That it must bid the rising tear  
Be partner of his bliss.

Yes! she will love them—One kind guide,  
Who loves my lay, and joys to glide,  
    Where'er my footsteps stroll,  
Will teach *our* child both lay and spot,  
(And when are mother's words forgot?)—  
    So shall that church-crowned knoll  
Become to her, as 'tis to me,  
A secret, simple agency,  
    To wake and cleanse the soul.



## GREENWOOD MEMORIES.

LIGHTS and shades of changeful wood,  
Mile on mile, and rood on rood ;  
When I miss the fresh and true,  
How my Spirit yearns to you !

Forest paths, I loved to track,  
To my mind's eye welcome back :  
Threaded oft in bygone days ;  
Nurses of my love and lays.

For ye fenced my wedded home :  
Twain we loved thro' you to roam :  
Day-dreams in your company  
Gathered form and strength with me.

Yet ye could not wholly scare  
With your freshness hateful care :  
Children told, we must not dream,  
Latticed from the broad Sun's beam.

We must quit our leafy shade  
For the garish world's parade :  
Face nor fear the heat of life,  
Take which came, its joy or strife.

Forth we sped : and God hath given  
Much for which our hopes had striven :  
Yet, methinks, those days are o'er ;  
Forest days return no more.

Is it that, whene'er we muse  
On the past, we fondly lose  
All that in it gave us pain,  
And the joys alone retain ?

Nay, we had our sorrows there :  
Green and sere were both our share :  
But the friendships there, I ween,  
They, oh they were evergreen.

There, should sorrow's cloud arise,  
All were quick to sympathize—  
Quick, in joy's unclouded sky,  
Kindred joy to testify.

They ne'er changed—The seasons came—  
Pass'd :—but these were aye the same.  
Like the woods, whose beauty shews  
Fair in sunshine, fair in snows.

Glorious is the forest scene,  
When it looks one sea of green :  
Glorious still its leafless sight,  
When the turf is wintry white.

There is charm in this for me !  
Emblem of our friends I see :  
Friends, whose truth, tho' time speeds on,  
Still will bear to look upon.

Gather round me, kindly souls,  
Whom my chart of debt enrolls ;  
If unpaid, yet unforgot,  
Dwellers in manse, court, or cot.

Thou, whose passing-mortal years,  
Pilgrims in the vale of tears,  
Of a crown of glory tell,  
Sought in quiet, sought how well !

Thou, whose unpretending walk  
Hath no food for common talk :  
Yet the savour of whose deeds  
Many a pompous worlding needs.

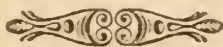
And whose pastor-life to me  
Points a wise simplicity :  
Trimly order'd, as the fane,  
Where thy holy lot hath lain.

Nor again will ye decline  
Place within my memory's shrine :  
Gentle hearts, whose home of shade  
Letter'd tastes had brighter made.

In my fancy's temple-wall  
Spacious niches stand for all :  
Meetly—for the structure rose  
Where true heart, and tall oak grows.

Long may both in freshness bloom  
Round the mynds of heath and broom :  
Live and breathe still unconfined,  
Proof against each searching wind.

Fare ye well—mine olden friends :  
Whom, when past to present lends,  
As the types of kindness rise :  
Fare ye, as your worth I prize.



“AMANTIUM IRÆ AMORIS INTEGRATIO EST.”

OH ! wish not that thy hasty word  
 Should cause me no distress :  
 Forbid me not to rest on thee  
 So much for happiness.

If sunshine clad for aye the sky,  
 No space were left for rain :  
 The grass would wither : streams be dry,  
 And Nature's self complain.

But let the wind and storm arise,  
 And drench the thirsting earth :  
 Full soon the genial warmth we prize,  
 And hail the sun's new birth.

And even so with us, my love !  
 'Tis well that I should grieve  
 If thou art vexed : thy thought I move,  
 And so new joy receive.



For well I know thy gentle heart,  
When touched, shall well repay  
With love the breast it caused to smart,  
And its chance wounds allay.

Enduring warmth shall quick dispel  
The momentary chill,  
And thou shalt weave thy wonted spell,  
My own sweet Fanny, still.

Then let thy brow be overcast,  
If when the storm is o'er,  
Thy kind heart shall forget the past—  
Thy love be more and more.



COMMEMORATIVE VERSES.

DEEM not memory fails to linger,  
 Round the scenes where first we met;  
 Deem not Time's recording finger  
 Needs to bid me not forget.

Dear for aye to me is dwelling,  
 As the racing hours flow past,  
 On the vows which I was telling  
 When this season met us last.

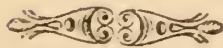
Thanks to thee, love! nought but gladness  
 Fills my breast, when I review  
 Times when, tho' 'twas counted madness,  
 First I told my love so true.

I had only heart to offer!  
 Love can maddest schemes conceive!  
 Lo! thy kindness did my proffer,  
 Poor in all but faith, receive.

Shall I praise thy warm affection,  
And thy trusting spirit's love?

No! the joys of retrospection  
In my thoughts alone shall move.

Verse shall not record the blessing,  
Which to me thy love hath been ;  
I will cherish, by repressing  
All their mention, joys unseen.



“Waking, she never wandered in her mind save once; and that was at the sound of beautiful music, which she said was in the air. God knows, it may have been.”—*Old Curiosity Shop* (*Dickens*).

IT was. It was. Refined and tried,  
 The baser metal cast aside,  
     Her senses heavenward wend!  
 As fainter grow her mortal pains,  
 In surer nearness flow the strains,  
     Which to the Throne ascend.

No wandering back to things below  
 Chills the clear spirit's genial glow:  
     Aloft it burns to rove—  
 Fear not—thine ear, sweet saint, is true:  
 The seraphs throng th' expanse of blue,  
     And bid thee share their love.

To F. . . .

ON THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING-DAY.

AND have I flung my lyre away?  
 And shuns my Muse the face of day,  
     Long hushed in slothful care?  
 Shall she not break her solitude,  
 And yield to be sedately wooed,  
     Not rudely forced by glare?  
 Yes, she shall take a blyther spring,  
 And soar to-day on lighter wing,  
     Meet errand forth to bear.

For I would by her aid impart  
 Some token to another heart  
     Of joy that reigns in mine:—  
 I would no cloud should intervene,  
 To dull the charm of what hath been,

The sun that yet doth shine  
As fresh, as bright on wedded life,  
As when, four years ago, dear wife,  
I linked my lot with thine.

Four checquered years have onward sped  
Since, on this morn, we bent each head  
Above the altar rail :  
And vow'd, in love, that hand in hand  
We would go forth—the holy band,  
Which ne'er till death should fail,  
Then knit—for mutual aid in health,  
In sickness, poverty, or wealth,  
As each might chance prevail.

Boldly our boat did put to sea !  
Our little craft right gallantly  
Stood out to breast the tide—  
Smooth waters first—and then full soon  
Came rocks of care : and, long ere noon,  
Grief dashed our vessel's side.  
She who was well beloved by me,  
And scarcely less, dear heart, by thee,  
Our sister, sank and died.

Then had I singly faced the blast,  
The loss of much, that bound me fast  
    To childhood's blissful shore,  
Had eaten thro' my cords of hope :  
But there was left one trusty rope,  
    Which lent me aid to moor :  
The nearer view of future joy,  
A fair-hair'd girl, or laughing boy,  
    Bade down-cast fancy soar.

We named our child by that dear name  
Of her, whom God from us did claim :  
    A name I ne'er can hear,  
But it recalls each much-loved face,  
Which found it thrice amidst our race  
    Familiar to the ear :  
And now that death hath closed thine eyes,  
Mother of more than Mother's ties,  
    It wins a tribute tear.

Yes! for we deemed our daughter's love  
Might, in the lapse of years, remove  
    Our Mother's weight of grief.  
And when our boy was born, the sight,  
We prayed, that anxious face might light :

Alas ! that hope was brief.

She raised her from her last sick bed,  
A bright joy wreath'd her weary head,  
Too sad, too short relief.

She blessed his innocence ! and then  
Sank to her rayless couch again—

I thank Thee, Lord of all,  
That Thou didst keep this joy for me,  
Brief tho' it was, such sight to see :

And next to thee doth fall  
My debt of thanks, my love's best pay,  
Dear helpmate, to thy gift I lay,  
The blessing I recall.

True heart, thy wedded life hath proved  
Thrice blest to him, whom thou hast loved :

Blest for thy faith to him :  
Blest for thy love to that dear shade,  
Who called me son, ere death had made  
Her mortal vision dim :—

Tho' space did sever, ne'er a week  
Passed, but thy pen to her did speak  
Each serious thought, each whim.



And more than all, as blest, I bless  
Thy fond maternal tenderness,  
    To our dear offspring shewn :  
Thy full devotion, heart, and thought,  
To every care their life hath brought,  
    While pleasures round them strewn,  
Betoken that thy waking dream  
Embraces for its fondest theme  
    Those sunny babes we own.

What tho' not wholly smooth our days,  
Yet care, I ween, but lightly lays  
    His marks, where childhood's song  
Rings clear and fresh—and brings us back  
In thought to each familiar track  
    In our youth's memory strong—  
Grief flies before their mirthful smile ;  
And such sweet solace doth beguile  
    Our path, else drear and long.

We boast not riches—Nay to flee  
From what the world calls poverty,  
    Each gift to mart I bring  
That God hath given. Yet, welcome toil !  
Come work, to last this mortal coil,

I grudge not lord or King,  
If I may find mine hours of ease  
Pass sweetly mid such joys as these,  
From wedded life that spring.

Who said, "Love tires?" a falser sage  
Ne'er taught mock truth to faithless age—  
Four years of trial give  
Us, who have proved them, claim to speak :  
Hear then my verdict! Week by week,  
Each onward hour we live,  
Makes love more fresh : binds fonder ties :  
Lights kinder beams in those dear eyes :  
Bids each more soon forgive.

Forgive? Yes, even so! A word  
That once the fires of wrath had stirr'd,  
Now finds excuse with each :  
Hearts grow attuned : each strives to find  
The key to ope the other's mind,  
Then checks untimely speech.  
Time wears apace—yet grows our will  
In mutual purpose stronger still,  
Each other's wish to reach.

God knoweth what is yet in store,  
What length of days to grant us more?  
Him for the past we praise :  
To Him for blessings yet to come  
Pray we—But should He call us home,  
May He true guardians raise  
For each young heart we leave on earth,  
To mould, as fitteth their new birth,  
To knowledge of His ways.



TO A LITTLE FRIEND,  
WITH A PRESENT OF A BUNCH OF "CHARMS."

THERE'S a little magic  
In each charm I send,  
Meant to win your spirit,  
Merry little friend.

Not to make it duller,  
When you learn to think :  
But to point, where young hearts  
Truest pleasures drink.

To the well of waters,  
Whence these pleasures flow,  
These three "charms" may lead you,  
If the way you'd know.

For the *cross* reminds you,  
How your Saviour died!  
You must learn His meekness,  
In His love abide.

He would have you patient;  
He would make you kind;  
Bearing and forbearing,  
Child in heart and mind.

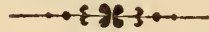
And the *anchor* teaches  
Ground of Hope in view,  
On the Lord, whose lessons  
Are not closed on you

Him, who welcomed children  
To His loving arms,  
Giving *then* his blessing,  
Keeping *now* from harms.

Much he loved the warm heart  
That for others felt,  
Every tale of sorrow  
Led His own to melt.

Hettie, if she wishes  
Highest love to earn,  
In the *Heart* will fail not  
Charity to learn.

Thus her toys may help her  
To be kind and good ;  
When some day their meaning  
Shall be understood.



## TO F. Y., WITH A BOOK.

GENTLE maiden, let the token,  
Which my lay would fain present,  
Prove regard for aye unbroken,  
Not an empty compliment.

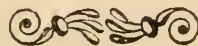
Let it shew the bard's devotion  
To thy slightest wish exprest :  
Testing all his heart's emotion  
Quicken'd to thine interest.

Amply will he feel requited,  
If, when it thou dost unfold,  
Memory's lamp again be lighted,  
And thy smile be as of old.

If, when on the page the traces  
Of the giver meet thine eye,  
Thou shalt feel that, scorning spaces,  
He to thee in heart is nigh.

Chiefly t'will afford him pleasure,  
If the book shall haply give  
Aid to her he loves, to measure  
Well the life she ought to live.

If her gay and serious moments  
By its teaching shall be spent  
So, that mirth with thought be mingled,  
Thoughtfulness with sweet content.





## A BIRTH-DAY.

THOU wilt not, dearest girl, despise  
Thy would-be poet's lay :  
Nor bid him check the thoughts that rise  
Upon thy natal day.

Faint token is the gift he gives,  
And faint the votive line,  
To express that all the life he lives,  
His thoughts, his hopes are thine.

Yet still, as such the gift receive :  
And tho', alas ! 'tis small ;  
Do thou in kindness, love, believe  
I fain would give thee all.

May distant years recall to-day :  
And each succeeding prove  
Of me, the truth I strive to say,  
Of both, our constant love.

## A LAMENT

FOR THE DARK PLACES OF THE WORLD,

SUGGESTED BY THE STATEMENT THAT THERE IS A LACK OF  
STUDENTS AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE, CANTERBURY.

## I.

THE fields are white,  
And the sickles bright,  
    And the harvest-prospect fair :  
In the plain once drear  
There is hope and cheer !  
    But the reapers—where ?—oh where ?  
Why tarry they  
Till close of day ?  
    For the night winds lay the crop.  
Is there lack or scant  
Of the call to plant  
    The Cross on the lone hill-top ?

Oh! it must not be,  
That, in lethargy,  
    When the prospect thus is fair,  
Sad isles complain,  
“ We have wasting grain :  
    But the reapers—where?—oh where? ”

## II.

It was not so,  
In the years ago,  
    When the words of mission sprung  
From the centre of earth,  
Where the faith had birth,  
    Though with strength untried and young.  
“ Go forth,” said they,  
“ On world-wide way :  
    “ Each nation of earth baptize,  
“ From Salem’s hill  
“ All spaces fill,  
    “ To the land that farthest lies.”  
A little time—  
And the truth sublime  
    Had reach’d to the western shore :  
And the Briton knelt,  
And the savage Celt,  
    To his idols of stone no more.

## III.

That hideous rout,  
From the lands cast out,  
    For the temple and fane made room :  
And a goodly sight  
Was the church spire white,  
    In place of the orgy's gloom.  
For rites of blood  
In dismal wood,  
    Stand flourishing English homes,  
'Neath the eye and care  
Of the House of Pray'r,  
    Wherever the stranger roams.  
And blest, thrice blest,  
Is the sabbath rest,  
    That a favor'd nation knows :  
And the parish priest  
Is a gift not least,  
    From the bounty of Heaven that flows.

## IV.

But hark ! oh, hark !  
There are lands yet dark,  
    That entreat with a piteous cry,  
" Come over and aid !  
" With your ships and trade  
    " Let a share of your grace draw nigh.

“Your bodies live  
“By gifts we give :  
    “Your sons our riches share,  
“But of spirit-health,  
“Which alone is wealth,  
    “Ye wittingly leave us bare.  
“Oh, barter not  
“Of the things that rot  
    “For the fruits we have in store :  
“But offer us bread,  
“For our souls instead,  
    “And feed them for evermore.”

## v.

Then reckon we not  
Of their unblest lot,  
    Who in voice, that calls aloud,  
Have a witness given  
To the earth and Heaven,  
    Of a longing to pierce the cloud?  
Dark, dark beside  
Our tents they bide  
    On Afric's thirsting sod :  
And though wasting war  
Would estrange and mar,  
    Still yearn to the white man's God.

But, deepest shame  
To a mighty name,  
    We are yet scarce half awake  
To the claim so clear,  
We are loth to hear,  
    For the light, which we partake.

## VI.

One gift appears  
In the passing years,  
    That fain would itself atone  
For the narrow Creed,  
That in utmost need  
    Could famishing souls disown.  
A college fair,  
With omen rare,  
    Hath open'd its ample doors,  
And the name of Hope  
Giveth verge and scope  
    To the vision that farthest soars.  
And the spot is dear  
To the Christian's ear,

As the scene where Bertha's love \*  
Gave Austin place,  
That his work of grace  
Might thrive, as it after throve.

## VII.

There gather in  
From the outer din,  
For a brave self-sacrifice,  
To a nursing breast,  
And a brief brief rest,  
That must for a life suffice—  
True hearts, that feel  
A strong calm zeal,  
And a call to the Mission's work :  
And in this retreat  
They may gird their feet  
To combat the sins that lurk.  
Till at length sent forth  
To the East or North,

\* " Bertha, Queen of Ædilberct, King of Kent, won her royal spouse to consent to the settlement and maintenance of Augustine in Canterbury."—*Bede, Eccl. Hist.* i, 25.

They herald the bright Day-spring  
Of the Harvest-Lord :  
And the spirit's sword  
Bids wayfarers own their King.

## VIII.

Yet why is this ?  
Hath the hope of bliss,  
And a crown, when the warfare ends,  
But a measured charm  
To our youth, to arm  
For the legion our Mother sends.  
In vain, in vain,  
Those walls complain  
They have tenantless cells e'en now :  
And a bare supply  
Doth the trust belie  
Which the eager of heart avow.  
Nay ! let us rouse  
For the Bridegroom's spouse  
An ample and goodly train,  
To attend her way  
O'er the salt-sea spray  
To the realms she must soon regain.



## IX.

Nay, let us raise,  
In the latter days,  
    A sickle of sharpest edge  
From the forges, where  
There is metal rare,  
    And prompt to redeem our pledge.  
Of yore we waved  
As a crop unsaved,  
    Our fields as a wasting seed :  
But the reapers came.  
Let us send, for shame,  
    To harvest the lands that need.  
For it must not be  
That, in penury,  
    When the prospect round is fair,  
Sad isles complain,  
“ We have wasting grain :  
    “ But the reapers—where?—oh where ? ”



TRANSLATIONS.



# TRANSLATIONS.

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## THE PREFACE OF AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS

TO HIS SECOND BOOK,\*

AGAINST THE PETITION OF SYMMACHUS.

RUDDIER glows the saffron even,  
Ere the light hath said farewell :  
Or the murky night hath given  
Boding signs of storm and swell.

\* The Second Book of Aurelius Prudentius (a Christian poet, of about A.D. 405) against Symmachus, consists of a refutation of the statements and arguments in the petition of that heathen to the Emperor Valentinian, praying for the restoration of the altar and statue of Victory, cast down by Gratian. Symmachus was chosen to make this petition, on account of his surpassing eloquence.

To the lake the venturous Peter,  
    Weighing anchor, trusts his bark,  
Deems the gales, that waft her, fleeter  
    Than the gathering shades of dark.

Fain would he the lake be crossing,  
    He, the chosen of his Lord :  
Reckless of the vessel tossing,  
    And the winds that roam abroad.  
Shouts of fear, and creaking cable,  
    Rending soon the troubled air,  
Aid and tact of man disable,  
    Nought is left but black despair.

Ocean depths must soon be pillow  
    To the pale and drowning crew,  
When with firm foot on the billow  
    Christ in season meets their view ;  
Treading unsubstantial hollows  
    With as calm a self-command,  
As at other hests he follows  
    Beaten pathways on the land.

Lo! while each to awe surrenders  
Senses spell-bound, as in sleep,  
Peter only bravely tenders  
Faith to Him, who walks the deep :  
Faith in Him, whom earth confessing,  
Firmament, and trackless main,  
Own as Lord ; whose might expressing,  
Surging seas His feet sustain.

Now the servant's hands betoken  
Trust upon his surest friend :  
Now the Teacher's word hath spoken !  
" Fearless let the taught descend !"  
Simon heeds his Master hailing :  
Scarce the spray hath touch'd his feet,  
Ere his eager steps are failing,  
In the gulf that bars retreat.

Then the God-Man, gently chiding  
Human fear, and faith's defect,  
Stormy billows faintly biding,  
On His own late pathway wreck'd ;

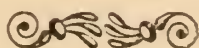
To His drowning servant reacheth  
Arms outstretch'd to lift and save,  
And his succour'd spirit teacheth  
How to walk the heaving wave.

So my tongue, in heedless daring,  
Leaves at length its safe retreat,  
Quick in over-eager bearing  
Peril-compass'd ways to greet.  
Peter's faith might well have lifted  
Duteous feet, in duty strong.  
My frail bark must soon be drifted,  
Ill-sustain'd by fault and wrong.

For I mark the darkness clinging,  
In a sin-cloud, round my life!  
Yet my boat is rashly springing  
Forth to breast a sea of strife.  
Aye! a sea disturb'd by thunders  
Roaring surge, and bursting tide  
Of an eloquence, whose wonders  
Few have met, and few defied.



These may drown beneath their shower  
Crafts, that heed not weak command,  
If the Christ, in whom is power,  
Stretch not forth His cheering hand.  
Then might speech her torrent-forces  
Gather vainly round mine head ;  
Then might I the ocean-courses  
Firmly, safely, calmly tread.



## THE GLORY AND JOYS OF PARADISE.\*

YEARNINGLY my fond heart thirsteth for the springs of  
endless life,

And my prison'd spirit bursteth in her hope from earthly  
strife.

Hence, ye barriers, fleshly, sinful, which my struggling  
soul restrain,

Wistful as the eager exile, bent his dear home to regain.

Whilst she mourns a life's subjection, and a vessel  
trouble-tost,

Upward comes the sad reflection of the glories sin hath  
lost ;

And the thoughts of present evil do but add to her  
unrest,

As the mindfulness of blessings, which are forfeit, swell  
the breast.

\* Translated from a Latin Poem, written by Peter Damiani, Bishop of Ostia, who was born at Ravenna in 1002, and died as Abbot of Sta Croce d'Avellario, in the States of the Church, in A.D. 1072. This translation appeared in 1849, in the '*Churchman's Companion*.'

For 'tis surely past expression what the sum of joy  
shall be,

To the heirs who win possession of a calm eternity ;

Where the proudly rising mansions walls of living pearl  
unfold,

Where the high domes blaze in splendour—couches  
gleam of burnish'd gold.

Costly gems the joists encompass, where with story story  
meets,

And of pure gold, like as clear glass, is the pavement of  
the streets :

Far removed is all defilement—nothing sordid meets the  
eye :

Not a vestige of corruption canst thou in the whole  
descry.

Rugged winter lacks its power, scorching summers never  
rage.

But the rose, for aye in flower, cheats the constant spring  
of age ;

Whilst beside the snow-white lily blooms the crocus,  
saffron-hued,

And from out the swelling balsam gums in fragrant drops  
exude.

Lo! within and all around them streams of honey'd  
sweetness flow ;

Waving corn, green meadows bound them, liquid perfumes  
incense blow :

Sweetly-scented moisture fails not—whilst there bloom in  
every grove

Pendant fruits no blight doth canker, nor the blust'ring  
tempest move.

There no moon doth mark her changes : there the stars  
their courses cease ;

Earthly sunshine never ranges o'er the city of our peace :  
But the Lamb is its indwelling brightness, its unfading  
light,

While He gives eternal dayspring, what to Him are time  
and night ?

For the saints on high shine glorious, even as the clear  
bright sun :

Bound with chaplets, as victorious, blend their ceaseless  
chants in one ;

And rejoicing in the blissful, the unbroken rest they  
know,

While he licks the dust, tell over all the struggles of the  
foe.

There all fleshly warfare endeth : they are purged of  
guilty stain ;

Since the flesh to spirit bendeth, there is union of the  
twain.

Peaceful rest in calm abundance citizens of Heav'n enjoy :  
No offence doth need endurance—slander doth not breed  
alloy.

Cast aside the fickle robing, which the mortal frame  
assumes,

They their source delight in probing, as the truth their  
path illumines ;

Yea, the truth is alway present, on its radiant form they  
dwell.

Hence they draw the living sweetness of the life-imparting  
well.

Hence their being's sweet fruition, still for evermore the  
same,

Clear and fresh their glad condition reeks not of mis-  
chance's name.

Pale disease is ever distant, for each cheek is bright with  
health ;

And the constant prime of manhood spares old age his  
march of stealth.

Hence they own an endless essence—passing things are  
passed away,

'Mid the boundless efflorescence perish'd is the foe,  
decay—

Here is nought but greenness, freshness, warmth of an  
immortal breath :

For eternal life and vigor have absorb'd the power of  
death.

They who know the God All-knowing, is there aught  
they must not know ?

Interchange of secrets, flowing deeply, passeth to and fro:  
Every wish and each aversion with the Heavenly mind is  
one,

Union blest and single hearted, with the Spirit, Sire, and  
Son.

Tho' to each the meed of labour varies with the task  
atchieved,

What is lovely in a neighbour is as common grace  
received :

Such the spell of mutual fondness ; so the proper praise  
of each,

Doth o'er all shed widest lustre, and to every spirit  
reach.

Even as the eagles gather surely where the car-  
case is,

Saints and servants of the Father will be with the Son  
in bliss :

Citizens of either country ! angels, and the risen just,  
Are refresh'd and live for ever—one their food and one  
their trust.

Ever eager, feasting ever, still they yearn and still they  
have :

Plenty cloy's not : famine never doth the tortured frame  
enslave :

Are they open mouth'd, 'tis only on the instant to  
be fed.

Feed they, it is still for ever open mouth'd to lift the  
head.

Chants for ever new are flowing, as from one sweet voice  
and clear,

Into deeper transport growing, many an organ charms  
the ear :

Worthy is the laud they tender ! glorious is the Hail !  
they sing,

To the might by whom they conquer, to the high Al-  
mighty King.

Happy Spirit ! that beholdeth nigh th' Eternal Monarch's  
seat,

And in gaze the world enfoldeth, lying 'neath His cloud-  
wraught feet :

Ay ! enfoldeth all the round world, and its wondrous vast  
machine,

Sun and moon, and stars and planets, studding all the  
depths serene.

Christ ! Thou palm of souls contending, into this blest  
town convey

My poor life, when warfare ending, I shall cast my belt  
away.

No reward I seek of merit ! All the boon I ask, is this,  
Make me partner in Thy bounty with the citizens of bliss.

Grant me strength to battle boldly in the contest, yet  
unspent,

And when aged blood runs coldly, to my pray'r for rest  
assent :

Oh ! that I by toil might win Thee ! for I know that  
Thou shalt be

Noblest prize to Christian warrior : — prize to last  
eternity.



ON A SPOT, ONCE THE SCENE OF MARTYRDOMS,  
BUT NOW USED FOR A BAPTISTRY.

*Prudentius, p. 176.*

Lo! the Christ-chosen spot, where the pathway to Heaven  
Opens wide to tried spirits and true:

Where an entrance by blood to the martyr was given,  
And now water dead hearts doth renew.

It was here, for the name of our Saviour and Lord,  
That the turf was empurpled of old:—

When two witnesses fell for the faith they ador'd,  
And in hope of high glory were bold.

And 'tis hence, even now, that forgiveness doth flow  
In a limpid and life-giving flood:

And the washing of water doth pureness bestow  
From the stains that have ages withstood.

Wouldst thou joy to ascend to the regions of bliss,  
And be heir of eternity's day?

Come and slake thy hot thirst at a fountain like this,  
Lo! the water is near, and the way!

As the martyr of old, with the crown he had won,  
Reached the halls he had striven to gain,  
So to souls now renew'd is their high course begun  
By the cleansing from blemish and stain.  
Then the Spirit descending the palm to award  
Thro' the ether would viewlessly glide :  
Now he hangs o'er the spot with a loving regard,  
Nor is grace to the suppliant denied.  
From the font or the blood, oh ! how hallow'd the dews,  
Which are drained by the neighbouring soil :  
Nor doth earth to her God a due tribute refuse,  
In the waves on her surface that boil.  
And the Lord of the spot is the same, from whose side,  
Thro' the two wounds so ruthlessly gor'd,  
Thro' the one issued forth a pure crystallous tide,  
By the other the dark blood out-poured.  
Seek then, each as ye may, by the wounds of your Lord,  
To ascend to the home ye have prized—  
For the martyr shall rise by the stroke of the sword,  
And by water the newly-baptized.



## OF THE LIFE OF THIS WORLD.

FROM A LATIN POEM IN TRENCH'S COLLECTION.

AH ! thou lamp of worldly light !  
Why art thou to me so bright ?  
Since from thee I needs must go,  
Why wilt have me love thee so ?

Ah ! thou fickle life, and fleet,  
Worse than harmful beast to meet ;  
If I may not thee retain,  
Why didst seek my heart to gain ?

Life, whose proper name is death !  
Hateful : all our love beneath :  
Since no goods abide in thee,  
Shall I crave thy gifts to see ?

Worldly life ! diseased and pale !  
Than the blushing rose more frail !  
In thine ever tearful face,  
Wherefore seek I winning grace ?

Earthly life ! a thing of toil !  
Fraught with fear and vain turmoil !  
Languid ever, past relief,  
Art thou worthy this my grief ?

Worldly life ! about to flee !  
Prone to crash, incessantly ;  
If so brief must be thy stay,  
Let me fling thy cares away.



## ON CONTEMPT OF THE WORLD.

*Daniel's Thesaurus*, vol. ii, p. 379.

OH! why sides the vain world with pomp and with show,  
 Whose joys are all fleeting and come but to go ;  
 Whose loftiest power is prone to decay,  
 As the potter's creation, the frail vase of clay.

Trust rather to letters on brittle ice writ,  
 Than the hollow world's falsehood :—its airy hopes flit,  
 Its honours deceive us—and virtue's fair guise  
 Is cloke to false merits, which time never tries.

Fine glass may deceive thee—yet trust to its wiles,  
 Thou shalt find them less false than the wretched world's  
 smiles.

Its madness, its emptiness rest on deceit,  
 And its choicest pursuits yield us bitter for sweet.

Brief festival yields it—this glory men clasp,  
Its pleasures—as shadows—soon melt in our grasp :  
Whilst they steal all our hopes of eternal reward,  
And beguile their lost victim to cross paths and hard.

Thou bait of the worm brood ! thou poor mass of dust :  
Quick dew of the morning ! oh, why this self-trust ?  
Canst pledge thou wilt answer, when next dawn shall call ?  
Nay ! work while to-day is, and do good to all.

This glory of human life, rated so high,  
Is, in Scripture, the flower of the grass that shall die.  
And swift as the dry leaves are borne by the wind,  
Man's life is all vanished—no vestige behind.

If loss can befall it, call nothing thine own,  
Whatever the world gives, to take back 'tis prone,  
Look up ! let thy true heart to high thoughts arise :  
Deem those only happy, who this world despise.

Say, where is the wisest of kings and of men ?  
Or Sampson, whose prowess no age saw again ?  
Where Absalom's fair face, so rich in its charms ?  
Or Jonathan's sweetness ? Death each one disarms.

Why look we for Cæsar, with glory erect ?  
Or Dives, the glutton, in fine robes bedeckt ?  
The sweet voice of Tully, which ruled men of yore !  
The Master of Reason, why leads he no more ?

These high renowned worthies—these ages of things—  
The fabrics of empire—the graces of Kings—  
Yea ! Earth's many rulers—her pomp and her might—  
Ere mortal eye twinkles, are buried in night.



“THE LORD IS RISEN.”

MAGDALENÈ, banish sadness!

Let not weeping dim thine eye!

Simon's feast had nought of gladness!

Here is nought for wailing cry.

Joy hath cause for thousand voices,

Cause that every heart rejoices.

Let the Halleluia sound!

Magdalenè, smiles resuming,

Let thy brow be smooth and bright!

Fled is sorrow darkly glooming—

Glow's the morn with gorgeous light!

Christ hath ransom'd every sinner,

And in strife with death is winner.

Let the Halleluia sound!



Magdalenè, shout for pleasure !

Christ hath risen from the tomb :

Now the sad scene finds its measure :

Comes the Lord of death and doom.

Him, whom late with tears so burning

Thou didst weep, behold returning :

Let the Halleluia sound !

Magdalen, thine eyes upraising,

Marvel at thy risen Lord ;

On His sweetest figure gazing,

See the five wounds rudely gored.

Pearl-like, see the emblems glorious

Of new life o'er death victorious.

Let the Halleluia sound !

Magdalenè, be thy dwelling

Blest : for light succeeds to dark.

Let thy veins with joy be swelling,

Freed and cleansed of death's sad mark.

Bitter griefs no more annoy us :

Love re-enters blythe and joyous.

Let the Halleluia sound !

## THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

SALVETE FLORES MARTYRUM.

From *Prudentius*.

LOVELY bloom of martyrs ! hail !

On the very doors of light  
 Christ's pursuer, like the gale,  
 Did your budding roses blight.

First of victims for your Lord !

At the altar's horns ye play !  
 Paimy chaplets for your cord :  
 Guileless sacrifice and gay !

Tidings smote the Monarch's soul,

That the King of Kings was nigh !  
 Who should Israel control,  
 Ruling David mightily.

Hear him forth his mandates deal.

“ One invades ! Am I withstood ?

“ Ho ! my guardsmen, clutch the steel !

“ Every cradle bathe in blood.

“ Let each infant male be slain :

“ Strictly search each nursing lap :

“ That no stealth by chance detain

“ Hated man-child from the trap ! ”

See the butcher, mad for death,

Pierces with his gleaming blade

Forms, but lately born to breath,

Hearts to throb no more betray'd.

Savage show ! and ruthless scene !

In their limbs minutely small

Scarce doth crevice intervene,

Where the cruel gash may fall.

What avails so dark a deed ?

Tyrant, hath thy sin its charm ?

While so many thousands bleed,

Christ alone escapes from harm.

Brother babes around him slain,  
Safe the Virgin-born survives,  
And while child-reft wives complain,  
Of its prey the sword deprives.\*

\* This piece appeared in the 'Churchman's Companion' of January, 1850.



## A TRANSLATION.

WHEN the infant God I view  
Nestled in His mother's arms,  
My cold heart is thrill'd anew :  
And with boundless pleasure warms.

Lo ! the boy exults to see,  
Mother, thine enfolding breast !  
By His baby lips on thee  
Kiss on kiss is fondly prest.

Even as the bright sun flings  
Radiance on the open sky ;  
So the babe with fond look clings  
To His mother's bosom nigh.

Lovely in the warmth of love  
With her child the virgin glows :  
Violet, lily placed above,  
Or the bright dew on the rose.

As the flowerets speck the grass,  
As the stars illumine the night,  
Myriad glances fondly pass,  
Mutual darts of living light.

Oh! might one, but one of these,  
Which around Thy mother play,  
To my share, if it should please,  
Gentle Jesu, chance to stray.



## MORNING HYMN.

A TRANSLATION FROM ST. AMBROSE.

O THOU everlasting Maker  
Of the world, beneath thy sway  
Bows the night, in turn partaker  
With the order'd course of day :  
Time succeeds to time by Thee,  
Who from weariness dost free.

Sounds the herald now of daylight,  
He hath watched the whole night thro' :  
Light to bend the steps, that stray, right,  
Light, dividing night in two.  
One part darkness unrelieved :  
Lustre one thro' gloom received.

Roused by him, the star of morning  
Loosens earth from clinging shade ;  
Error's various brood takes warning,  
Each dark agent shrinks afraid.  
Each forbears his power to hurt,  
And doth guilty paths desert.

At his sound, upstarts the sailor,  
Ocean's straits are blythely calm :  
When his matin song doth hail her,  
Breathes the Church her pray'r and psalm.  
She, the rock-built, strives to win  
Early pardon for her sin.

Let us up, then, and be doing !  
Cock-crow rouseth them that sleep ;  
With its chiding note pursuing  
Listless hearts, where slumbers creep.  
Cock-crow doth convince of sloth,  
Souls to work in day time loth.

Hope revives where hope did stagger ;  
Health upon the sick man streams.  
At cock-crow th' assassin's dagger  
Sheathed at last, no longer gleams.



Faith, rekindled, wakes to bide  
Where the steps but late did slide.

Jesu, look on them that waver,  
And correct us with Thy gaze!  
Feeble knees shall stand the braver,  
If Thine eye their going stays.  
All our faults, and sins, and fears,  
Then shall be absolved by tears.

Shake Thou off our mental slumbers,  
On our senses shine again!  
Thee, our Light, let earliest numbers,  
Thee let each fresh chaunt contain.  
Sing we Thee, to whom belong  
Waking praise, and morning song.



## HYMN ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.\*

ALL unlook'd for shall the dawning of the Lord's great  
day arise,

As a thief by night—No warning shall unwary souls  
apprise.

Brief shall then the crowding splendours of the former age  
appear,

When the one-timed crash of all things makes its fleeting  
nature clear.

Clang of trumps shall wake the regions of earth's quarters  
once for all :

And to Christ the countless legions of the quick and dead  
shall call :

\* This hymn, which is an acrostic in alternate lines, in the original, is of an uncertain author ; is mentioned by Bede, and is to be found in Daniel's Thesaurus Hymnologicus, Vol. i, p. 195.

Down from Heaven's eternal summit shall the Judge, with  
glory bright,  
Speed His way by choirs attended, of the Angels robed in  
light.

E'en the Sun shall hide his shining—and the silver Moon  
grow red :  
Paly stars be seen declining : and the wide world shake  
with dread.  
For the flame shall glow forerunning righteous judgment  
soon to be,  
Lighting up the earth, and Heavens, and the deep waves  
of the Sea.

Gloriously shall the great King sit aloft in awful state :  
Angel-hosts with trembling light wing here and there  
around Him wait.  
His right hand shall all His chosen blest for ever gather  
round ;  
At His left, as goats, the wicked by themselves in fear be  
found.

Instant calls the Lord His blessed : “ Come, partake of  
realms sublime,  
“ By your Sire for you preparèd long before the birth of  
time :

Kindly souls, whose hand did lift me, brother-like, when  
     I was low,  
 Take ye now the meed of goodness: lasting riches taste  
     and know.

Lo, they answer gladly, “ When did we behold Thee, Lord,  
     as poor ?  
 When have we, O King, expended alms on Thee, before  
     the door ?  
 Mark the words the Judge returns them, “ When ye gave  
     to those in need  
 Aid in food, in garb, in shelter, me ye help’d in truth  
     and deed.”

Nor from those upon His left hand shall the Judge with-  
     hold His ire :  
 “ Hence ye cursèd ! hence, forlorn band, into everlasting  
     fire,  
 On me, when I sought your bounty, ye did turn a cold  
     deaf ear,  
 I was naked, did ye clothe me ? Sick ; and yet ye drew  
     not near.”

“ Poor when saw we thee ? ” the lost ones eagerly to  
     Christ shall say,  
 “ Thee infirm when saw we, Just one ? and with coldness  
     turned away ? ”

Quick responding He declareth, "When the beggar, cold  
and lorn,  
Found his pray'r by you rejected, I, ye worthless, met  
your scorn."

Rushing then to flames for ever blazing shall the sinful  
turn :

Whose well-fed worm dieth never, and whose fire un-  
quench'd doth burn.

Satan with his evil minions there is held in gloom beneath,  
Where with weeping all and wailing hapless victims gnash  
the teeth.

Then the faithful shall be hasted upward to their Father-  
land ;

And the joys thereof be tasted with the chaunting spirit-  
band.

Up to thine eternal glories, New Jerusalem, they rise,  
Visions light and peaceful pleasures ever beaming on their  
eyes.

Where in gladsome contemplation, hosts of blest com-  
panions view,

Lofty themes of admiration : hailing scenes for ever new

Aye ! where all the blest immortals ever gaze on Christ  
their King,

Shining in His Father's brightness, radiant and glistering.

Ye who long to reach His glory, flee ye from the serpent's  
guile !

Kindly hear the poor man's story : shrink from gold's  
deceitful smile !

Zones of chasteness gird around you—Stand ye firmly,  
lest ye fall !

Bear your torches forth to meet Him, when the Bride-  
groom King shall call.



## HYMN AT COCK-CROW.

*Aurelius Prudentius.*

## I.

THE herald bird, the bird of morn,  
 Foretelleth light is near :  
 The Lord, to life uprousing us,  
 Awaken'd hearts doth cheer.  
 " Away with lazy couch," He cries :  
 " Be sickly sloth no more !  
 " Live chastely, rightly, soberly ;  
 " Watch ! I am at the door."

## II.

The bright Sun up, why sleepest thou ?  
 'Tis late thy couch to leave :  
 A share of night, from sleep withdrawn,  
 Let daily work receive.

The busy call those songsters wake,  
Ere morning streaks the sky,  
Just on the housetop perch'd aloft,  
Tells that our Judge is nigh.

## III.

It bids the souls, that deepest night  
In beds of sloth confines,  
Their rest exchange for busy life  
At these prelusive signs.  
So when the dawn o'er Heaven shall speed  
Its breath in kindling rays,  
All may go forth in strength and trust  
To hopeful works and days.

## IV.

These slumbers for a little space  
Are type of swift-wing'd death.  
Sins are the gloom of night, that cause  
The spirit's deep-drawn breath.  
But lest such sleep enslave the soul,  
The voice of Christ forewarns,  
From hill-top high in yonder sky,  
That Christian daylight dawns.



## V.

At its near advent slumber flees,  
Reft of its life-long power,  
O'er sluggish hearts, entomb'd in sin,  
Deaf to the waking hour.  
Lost spirits, that have revel kept,  
And roam'd beneath the shade,  
In scattered flight, so legends tell,  
At cock-crow shrink dismay'd.

## VI.

For with it those they hate approach,  
Salvation, Lord, and Light,  
To burst the noisome films of gloom,  
And chase the bands of night.  
In bitter prescience they own  
The sign of hope renew'd  
To those, who wait the Lord's return,  
By idlesse unsubdued.

## VII.

This omen's force his Saviour's lips  
Bade Peter's weakness know :  
Thrice should His service be denied,  
Ere twice the cock should crow :

The sin is launch'd, the Lord disown'd,  
 Ere each fresh birth of day  
 At cockcrow lights the haunts of men,  
 And scares their sins away.

## VIII.

'Twas then the weak denier wept  
 Words of a failing tongue,  
 From heart and soul, that meant not guilt,  
 Alas, too quickly wrung.  
 He knew the sign—nor afterward  
 In lying accents spake :  
 Thenceforth begirt with penitence,  
 To sin's assaults awake.

## IX.

At that pure time we hold in faith  
 From death the Saviour rose :  
 That hush of life, when first the cock  
 With joy at dayspring crows.  
 'Twas then he brake the bonds of death,  
 And Hell's constraining Law :  
 Then, stronger in His risen strength,  
 Day bade our night withdraw.

## X.

But let the deeds of evil cease !  
And sleep thou, dusky wrong !  
Now languish in the calm ye hate,  
Offences' deathly throng.  
Let faithful spirits rather watch  
The space that yet remains ;  
And stand in wakeful labour fast,  
Till night her goal attains.

## XI.

On Jesus let our voices call,  
And pray we, fast, and weep :  
For earnest supplication weans  
Pure hearts from downy sleep.  
Enough, with folded limbs, enough,  
Neglect of holy things  
Hath clogg'd the sense, that nought uplifts  
But pleasure's dizzy wings.

## XII.

False are the acts and frivolous  
In this life's slumber done,  
At earthly glory's empty beck :  
" To watch " is truth alone.

Pleasure is nought : and gold is nought :  
And joy's uncertain sway :  
And all the honours, all the power  
Of fortune's changeful day.

## XIII.

Goods but in name, these ills awhile  
Our blinded longings sought :  
But let the day dawn, where are they ?  
The cock-crow—all are nought !  
Then scatter, Lord, our spirit's sleep—  
And burst the chains of night :  
So may they hail, absolved from sin,  
The dawn of living light !



CHORUS FROM THE IPHIGENIA IN AULIS OF  
EURIPIDES, 543-572.——*Dindorf.*

THRICE and for ever blest,  
Rich in their placid rest,  
From pangs that rend the breast  
                Even to madness :  
Are they, who cease to rove,  
Won by the queen of love,  
Wed, and in wedding prove  
                Their lot is gladness.

He of the golden hair,  
Eros, hath darts a pair,  
Pointed with graces rare,  
                These he is bending,  
One for a happy fate,  
Blithe day and even late ;  
One to fell ruin's gate,  
                Whom he will, sending.

This from my bridal bed,  
 Fair Venus, ocean-bred—  
 Hear me repel with dread.

Oh, be my graces  
 Tempered with pure desire,  
 Gentle love's equal fire :  
 Not such as soaring higher  
 Recks not of spaces.

Varies the bent of men :  
 Differ their ways again :  
 One thing will e'en remain  
 Lastingly treasured :—  
 That which is good and just !  
 Teaching and nurture must  
 Breed, if fulfilled the trust,  
 Virtue unmeasured.

Virtue is self-regard,  
 Would'st thou a meet reward  
 Compass : thy labour hard  
 Amply requiting—  
 See thou the "fitness" know,  
 Which shall a lustre throw  
 O'er thy good name below,  
 Ages delighting.

High is their praise who seek

Merit. For woman meek

This shall her worth bespeak,

Love unpretending :

Man hath a thousand ways :

Deftly his parts he plays,

Each for his state to raise

Glory unending.





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